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The Victorian Readers.

THIRD READER.

*AUTHORIZED BY THE ADVISORY BOARD
FOR MANITOBA.*



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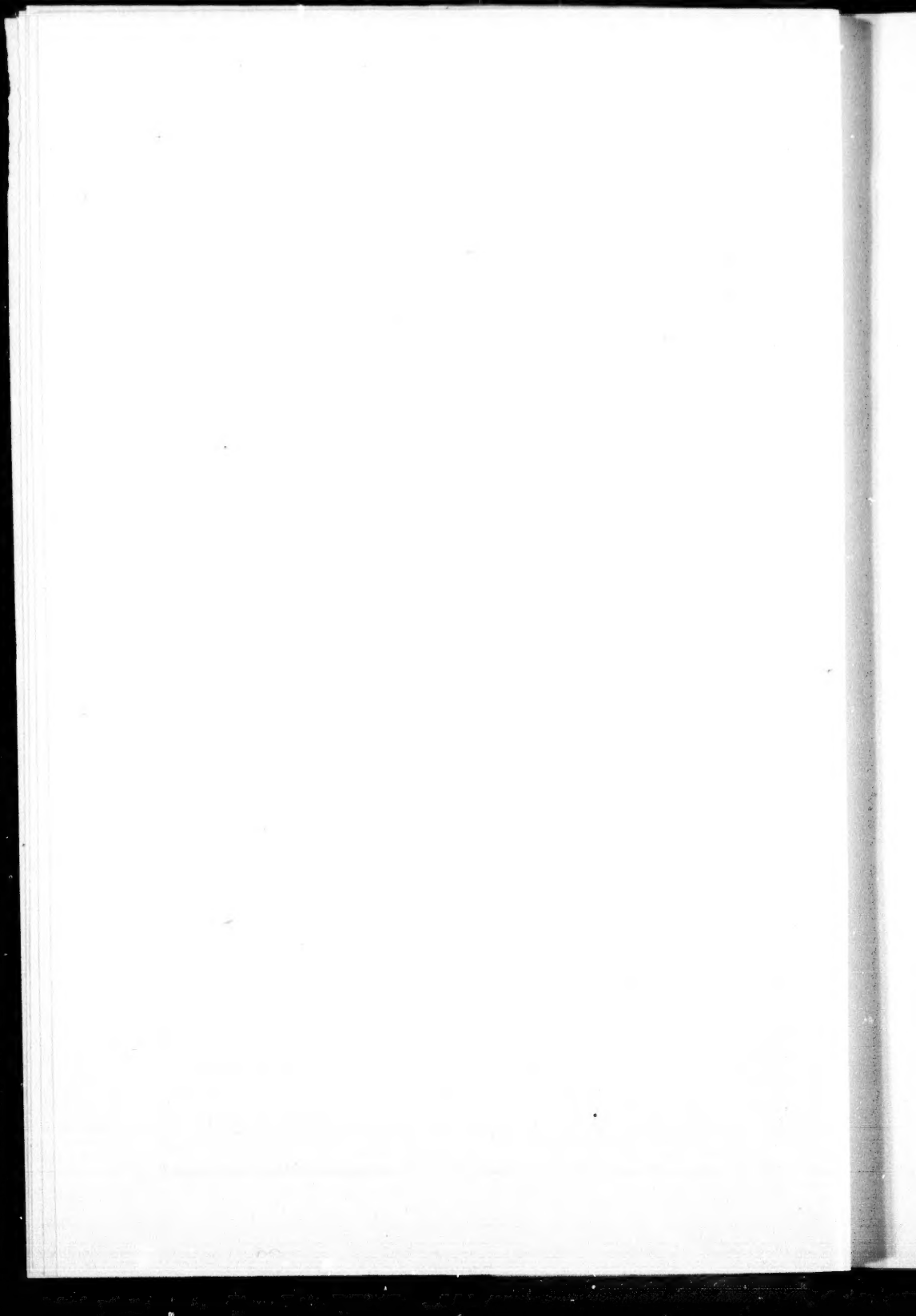
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GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO READING LESSONS.

It is believed that the reading lessons contained in this series are the first attempt to present, in an orderly and philosophic manner, the difficulties the pupils have in learning to read.

There is very little doubt that the reading lesson hardly pays for the time spent upon it. All authorities are agreed that, except in rare cases, pupils do not read any better at the end of the school year than they do at the beginning, except that they may pronounce with a little more facility, or are possessed of a somewhat wider vocabulary. In many class-rooms reading becomes a lesson in composition, spelling, definition, and the like.

The method in vogue in certain districts of telling pupils about "Inflections," and "Time," and "Kinds of Emphasis," is certainly faulty. On the other hand, very little more progress has been made by those who, in a very general and vague manner, tell the pupils to "get the thought." As a result of the methods heretofore in use, it has been found impossible for the teacher in any given grade, to determine how much real knowledge of reading a pupil had who had just been promoted from a lower grade.

In the lessons here presented, it is impressed upon the pupil not only that he must get the thought, but he is shown how to get it. The various difficulties of reading are presented one at a time, and further, are so graded that the least difficult shall precede the more complex. It is well known that the reading lesson, as a reading lesson, gets little or no preparation by the pupils. By the method here laid down careful preparation is a necessity; and the lesson which, as a rule, is very ill prepared, may now be studied at home with a very definite object in view, and more important still, the pupil can be held responsible for definite results.

It must be remembered that the young pupil knows nothing of inflections, emphasis, etc., and cares still less about them. While the teacher may be thoroughly conversant with the whole range of technique in reading, he should try to avoid the use of technical terms with the pupils, especially with the younger ones. This is the very essence of the present method, which is based upon a well-established psychological law: If the thought is right, the expression will be right. Talking to pupils about technique only confuses them, and in many cases results in gross affectations. The mind is taken from the thought to the form of its expression. We must remember that shyness, and other forms of self-consciousness (which so often mar the reading) are really but signs that the pupil's mental action is awry. The reading may be more quickly

and more permanently improved by eradicating the self-consciousness than by resorting to technical drills. Make the pupil *want to read*, and the chances are strongly in favor of his losing self-consciousness.

While it is not possible in the space allotted the author of these articles to give the fullest possible instruction, yet these lessons will serve a definite purpose, by presenting to the pupils, in a rational order, the various difficulties everyone has to overcome in learning to read. There may be certain phases of technique that a teacher may miss in this series of lessons, but it is certain, that if they are carefully taught, the pupils will improve not only along the particular line laid down in each lesson, but along the whole line of reading in general.

Very little is said in this book concerning the emotions, etc. It is believed that it is wiser to defer any attempt to get intense feeling and emotion until a later period.

This method is introduced in the hope that the measure of a pupil's progress will not be gauged by the number of lessons he covers in a given period. It is better to prepare carefully and philosophically six or eight lessons in one-half of the school year, than to endeavor to cover three times as many in the usual hurried fashion. The teacher may be sure that when the first six or eight lessons are thus carefully prepared, the progress thereafter will be more rapid. There is no doubt that the pupil who will spend two years in this graded work will be able to read any ordinary selection with ease, and with pleasure to the listener.

In conclusion, it is urged (1) that the teacher use additional examples under each new principle, in order that the pupil may have the principle impressed upon him by selecting new examples for himself and by reading them aloud in class; (2) that the same lesson be repeated as many times, with the same or new illustrations, as may be necessary to assure the teacher that the class has thoroughly grasped the spirit of the lesson; and (3) that the teacher will insist upon most careful and adequate preparation. So, and so only, can we hope to teach reading.

The main objects of the lessons in this book are two. First: To develop what may be termed the logical side of reading; in other words, the intellectual side. The greatest stress should be laid on getting the sense, which is, of course, the basis of all reading. The emotional side need not be altogether neglected, but should be always subsidiary to the intellectual. If the teacher succeed in getting the expression *vital*, nothing more should be expected. To get the sense and to express it with earnestness is the first step. Second: The teacher is urged not to follow mechanically the order of the general reading lessons. If Lesson XX offer a better opportunity than, let us say, Lesson X for illustrating the principle laid down in any of the special lessons, the former should be used, no matter what the preceding general lesson may have been. The teacher should be acquainted with the pedagogical possibilities of all the general lessons, and should use such as are best adapted at the moment to assist the pupils in mastering the principle in any given special reading lesson, irrespective of their place in the book. I have found much good in keeping a little note-book on the following plan: I give a page to each of the steps, and every example I come across, no matter in what book—history, geography, reader—is noted. Thus:

NOTES ON READING LESSONS.

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EXAMPLES OF CONTRAST.

BOOK.	PAGE.	PARAGRAPH.
—'s History,	250	3
—'s "	109	1
Reader (3)	87	8

In this way, the teacher has always plenty of illustrative matter on hand.

While I am not in entire sympathy with the method that compels teachers to cover a certain number of reading lessons in a given time, yet I am sensible that it would be useless to attempt to change all this at once. Recognizing the futility of such an effort, I advise the teacher to conform to this arbitrary and unscientific method until the community is educated to the newer method. The best results may be obtained, under the circumstances, by following some such plan as this: Begin with the first special lesson as soon as possible. Then, having dwelt on that as long as necessary, pass to the regular reading lessons, bearing in mind that until the second special lesson, the principle of the first should be constantly reiterated. For the entire time (say a month), between the first and second special lessons let the teacher revert to the former again and again. Let the corrections be made over and over by asking such questions as, "Is that the way you would say it if you were talking?" or, "You are not trying to make us see the picture," and so on. After the second special lesson has been taken up in class, and before the third, the endeavor of the teacher should be to enforce the principles of the first two lessons. This plan should be kept up until the last lesson has been taught.

NOTES ON READING LESSONS.

LESSON ONE.

The object of this lesson is to impress upon the mind of the pupil the fact that the words have no meaning unless they stimulate thought. Too much stress cannot be laid on this lesson by the teacher. Nothing is so conducive to good reading as practice after the manner here laid down. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the teacher should be on his guard not to teach inflections or pauses as such. No other aim should be held in mind than that of getting the pupil to see clearly and to express forcibly.

LESSON TWO.

In this lesson we begin exercises in what might be called "mental technique." It must be borne in mind that these lessons are planned with the object of presenting one element at a time, and the pupil must not be expected to read well where he has had no previous drill. In this lesson, therefore, the pupil should be held responsible for what he has learned in the first and second lessons only. It must further be remembered that all corrections should be made by putting such questions as, "Is that the whole picture?" or, "Have you not

given us more than one picture?" Never tell a pupil to make a pause here or a pause there, or to read faster or more slowly. Such corrections are useless. We must learn to rely upon the thinking to govern the rate of speed, or the length and frequency of the pauses.

It might be well to bear in mind that in colloquial speech pauses are less frequent. In other words, the groups are longer.

LESSON THREE.

This lesson deals with the succession of ideas. The lesson itself shows plainly the end to be attained. Nothing will so much help the pupils to carry a long and intricate sentence in mind as drills such as are suggested here.

It is not for a moment contended that all the inflections are rising in long sentences. The falling inflection will often occur where the phrase, for some reason or another, is particularly important, even though the sentence does not conclude with the phrase. This, however, the teacher can easily determine for himself. For the present, it is sufficient if the habit of continually dropping the voice at the end of every phrase can be even partially overcome. It is suggested that the teacher find a dozen or more simple sentences of from twenty to fifty words in length, and as the ability of the pupils increases, these sentences be given them as additional exercises in "succession of ideas." I should say this drill should be carried on throughout the school year.

In the examples in this lesson it is not the pause that mars the continuity, but the falling inflection. If the inflection rises the pause may be prolonged indefinitely without marring the sense.

LESSON FOUR.

In this lesson we enter upon the study of subordinate phrases. It is well to remember that the common rule about "dropping the voice and reading faster" does not always apply to the reading of subordinate ideas. The whole question is, How much is the idea worth? If it is unimportant, perhaps the rule will apply; but there are many cases where the interjected phrase or sentence is very important, and in such cases the time may be very much slower than it is when reading the principal sentence, grammatically speaking. Much time should be given to exercises under this head. It is the first step towards introducing variety into the reading. Instructions to pupils, telling them how to read such examples, should be avoided at all times. The one object should be to get the pupil to feel subordinate ideas and their relation to the principal ideas.

LESSON FIVE.

We here come to the study of transitions. These are of many kinds, and only a few examples can be given. If, however, the underlying idea in this lesson is impressed upon the pupil, there will be little trouble about transitions under other circumstances. The study of transition is another aid to variety in reading.

LESSON SIX.

Very little comment is necessary except to warn the teacher against speaking about the various *kinds* of emphasis. No matter what the kind, the thought will find its natural channel if the conditions be right. It is true that sometimes a word is made prominent by inflection (rising, falling, circumflex),

sometimes by slower time, sometimes by force alone. But let us remember, these various forms are the results of various forms of thinking. Get that right, the rest will follow.

It is further worth noting that the best authorities use "emphasis" as signifying any means of making the thought stand out. Hence I would urge the teacher not to use the term "emphasis" at all. If a pupil err, tell him he has not given you the central, or leading, idea.

LESSON SEVEN.

The task of teaching pupils to read with feeling is full of difficulties. In the seventh and eighth lessons, I have tried to remove some of these, but the sympathetic cooperation of the teacher is needed here more than in any other part of the work. The imagination must be stimulated, the child's every day experience must be drawn upon, or failure is inevitable. Above everything else, do not ask pupils to represent emotions that are beyond their experience, such as intense pathos, great solemnity, etc. Reserve these for the upper grades of the high school. Again; avoid the baser emotions, such as anger, hate, jealousy. I have not the space to enlarge on this, but the whole trend of the best psychology is in favor of my admonition. Select extracts in which the characters manifest simple, noble, inspiring, and uplifting feeling. Patriotism, self-sacrifice, love of nature, these are the themes with which the imagination of the pupils should come into contact.

I heartily advise the teacher to gather a dozen or more extracts and speeches (from this book and elsewhere) under three or four significant heads, such as patriotism, love of nature, etc., and to keep the class at each phrase until definite results are attained. I have no hesitation in deprecating the method that compels teachers to teach any lesson simply because it follows the preceding lesson, numerically speaking. The proper method is hinted at in the introduction. I would now add a few words to justify the method there suggested. In many readers there may be two patriotic selections; one at the beginning, one at the end. Probably a year will intervene between these two. Is it not good pedagogy to take up these lessons in succession? To keep the pupils in a patriotic mood for five consecutive days must be certainly productive of better results than can be obtained by the other method of lesson one, lesson two, lesson three. So also with other emotions. In conclusion, I might add that when a certain emotion is present in only one or two paragraphs of a selection, only those paragraphs need be prepared.

LESSON EIGHT.

The most important fact to be borne in mind in endeavoring to develop the pupil's sympathy with what he describes is this: Imitation of sounds, and of gestures, and of movement, is a very low order of art. We can't imitate thunder, but we can show in our voices the awe that it inspires. When we unconsciously hurry our reading under the impulse the imagination receives from contemplating, we shall say, the rapid movement of a cavalry charge, we do so not in imitation of, but in sympathy with, the picture. This is not primarily a question of art, but of nature. It is only ignorant teaching that says to a pupil, "Is that the way the thunder roars?" or "Read more rapidly; don't you see that you are describing the flight of the horses?" Furthermore, if we read

slowly a passage describing a funeral procession, there is no conscious imitation of slowness, but a sympathy with the solemnity, stateliness and dignity of the occasion.

A very little observation will show us whether the imitation is conscious or sympathetic. In the former case, the voice will be expressing *merely* speed or slowness. In the latter, there will be speed or slowness, too, but accompanied by an indefinable and yet recognizable *quality* of voice, which is the expression of our sympathy. This is an infallible criterion.

Lastly, it must be urged that we give more time to this work. The imagination cannot be developed in a week or a month; and unless there is imagination, there can be no sympathy. It is difficult to restrain one's self and not dwell longer on the value of the training of imagination. I have no hesitation in saying that that feature of education is the most neglected. Such training as is here suggested will do, in many cases, much to bring about a more favorable condition of affairs. But it takes time and plenty of it. The teacher should read to the class quite often such passages as are likely to stimulate the imagination. Make the class follow attentively, and get them to give back the picture as far as possible in minutest detail. Do this again and again and improvement must follow. Just in proportion as the imagination is stimulated may we hope for a better class of reading. *We have no time to teach any subject poorly!*

LESSON NINE.

Contrasts are of two kinds: logical and emotional. The former are largely antitheses, as such, "I said John, not Charles," and will need but casual attention. The pupils will perceive them without difficulty. The other class needs much care. Perhaps the most important fact concerning these that the teacher must bear in mind, is that their successful rendition depends upon the pupils keeping both parts of the contrasts in mind, *the first serving as a background or relief for the second*. Just as contrasts in literature afford variety and relief, so the reading aloud of contrasts gives great variety in vocal expression.

LESSON TEN.

The climax is a very important feature in reading. It stimulates the imagination and feelings, and, through them, the voice. It should be remembered that no definite method of expressing a climax vocally can be laid down. In one case the pitch may rise; in another it may fall. Sometimes the force increases; at other times it diminishes. Hence, the admonition so often given must be repeated: Don't tell the pupil to raise his voice, or to speak louder. Work at his imagination. If there be a climax there, it will come out in his expression.

Frequent drills in climax will do much to give flexibility, power, and range to the voice. And that, too, in a far more rational way than through any mechanical exercises in pitch and force.

—S. H. Clark.

VOWEL TABLE.

-
1. $\bar{e}$ me, police, Æolian, bee, sea, either,
people, key, field, quay.
 2. $\dot{i}$ ill, pretty, spirit, women, busy,
hymn, sieve, build.
 3. $\bar{a}=3-1$ age, ache, aim, gaol, say, great,
vein, obey, bouquet.
 4. $\bar{e}$ met, any, bury, said, says, feather,
leopard, friend, guess.
 5. $\tilde{a}$ shall, plaid, guarantee.
 6. $\tilde{e}$ earl, her, earth, third, word,
excursion, myrrh.
 7. $\dot{a}$ ask, vast, grass, past.
 8. $\ddot{a}$ art, balm, alms, arch, carpet,
farther.
 9. $\tilde{u}$ up, done, honey, ugly, dungeon,
does, blood, young.
 10. $\bar{o}$ on, doll, want, wash, cauliflower,
yacht, George, what.
 11. $\ddot{a}$ all, ball, war, former, Pard, raw,
fought.
 12. $\bar{o}=12-14$ pole, go, sew, beau, yeoman, hoe,
oh, brooch, soul, crow, owe.

13. U pull, put, wolf, book, would.
14. $\overline{OO}$ woo, bloom, to, do, rule, true, shoe,
rue, fruit.
15. $\bar{i} = 8 - 1$. . . idol, ivy, by, rhyme, aye, lie, isle,
sign, high, buy, dye.
16. OW = 8 - 14 . bow, cow, thou, our, plough.
17. O $\bar{i}$ = 11 - 1 . coin, coil, boy.
18. $\bar{U} = y - 14$. use, volume, feud, dew, knew, blue,
suit, future, ewe, beauty, view,
you.

shoe,
e, isle,

THIRD READER.

blue,
view,

CANADA! MAPLE LAND!

Canada! Maple land! Land of great mountain!
Lake-land and River-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility—
Fear that is reverent—not fear that is base;
Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame!

Last born of Nations! the offspring of freedom!
Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we hold!

—A. C.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course, the wheels remained motionless with surprise, the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stoppage; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

“I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.”

Upon hearing this the old clock became so enraged that it was on point of *striking*.

“Lazy wire!” exclaimed the dial-plate.

“As to that,” replied the pendulum, “it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut

up for life in this dark closet, and wag backwards and forwards, year after year, as I do !”

“As to that,” said the dial, “is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through ?”

“But what,” resumed the pendulum, “although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life ; and, if you please, I’ll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum ?”

“The minute-hand, being *quick at figures*, instantly replied, “Eighty-six thousand four hundred times !”

“Exactly so,” replied the pendulum. “Well, I appeal to you all, if the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thought I to myself, I’ll stop !”

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during his harangue ; but, resuming its gravity, at last replied, “Dear Master Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time ; so have we all, and are likely to do ; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, will it fatigue us to *do* ? Would you

now do me the favor to give about half-a-dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "was the exertion at all fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least!" replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of *sixty*, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then, I hope," added the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum to wag, and, to its credit, it ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

—Jane Taylor.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod, one night,
Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of misty light,
Into a river of dew :
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three ;
“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea ;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”
Said Wynken and Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in a wooden shoe
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew ;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea ;
“Now cast your nets, wherever you wish—
But never afear'd are we,”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam
And down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
’Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought ’twas a dream they dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea ;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken and Bynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoes that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed ;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken, Bynken and Nod.

— Eugene Field.

THE DERVISH AND THE CAMEL.

A Dervish, while journeying alone in the desert, was met by two merchants. "You have lost a camel," said he to them. "We have," they replied.

"Was the camel blind in his right eye, and lame in one of his legs?" asked the Dervish. "He was," answered the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" asked the Dervish. "He had," was the reply.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly," was the answer; "and as you have seen him so lately, you can, doubtless, tell us where he may be found."

"My friends," said the Dervish, "I have neither seen your camel, nor even heard of him, except from you."

"A strange assertion, indeed!" said the mer-

chants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," replied the Dervish.

He was now seized by them, and hurried before the Cadi. After the strictest inquiry, however, no evidence was found against him, either of falsehood or of theft.

They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the Dervish, with perfect composure, thus addressed the court:—

"I have been greatly amused with your proceedings, and I confess there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have passed many years in this desert, and even here I find ample scope for observation.

"I saw the track of a camel, and I knew it had strayed from its owner; because there was no mark of any human footstep to be seen on the same route.

"I perceived the animal was blind in one eye, as it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path.

"I knew that it was lame from the faint impression that one of its feet had made in the sand.

"I concluded that the camel had lost one tooth; because wherever it grazed, the herbage was left uncropped in the centre of the bite.

"As to what composed the burden of the beast, I had only to look at the ants carrying away the wheat on the one side, and at the clustering flies that were devouring the honey on the other."

OBEYING ORDERS.

The story is told, in a French newspaper, of a poor laborer named Pierre, who lived near Paris with his wife and their three children. Being industrious, frugal, and sober, he saved all his spare money, until he was able to buy the tiny cottage in which they lived.

It was a tiny cottage, indeed, built of stone, with a red-tiled roof, standing in a well-kept little garden, and covered with creeping plants. Pierre and his wife worked very hard, and saved every farthing they could, until the little cottage was paid for. When the last of the money was paid over, they made a little feast in honor of the occasion.

All this had happened just before the war between France and Germany broke out in 1870. Then Pierre was called out to serve in the army; for he had been a soldier before, and now every man who had been trained to fight was needed. As a gunner, he had been famous for his skill in hitting a mark.

The village where Pierre lived had fallen into the hands of the Germans, and the people had fled; but the French guns were pounding away at it from a fort on the higher ground across the river, trying to drive out those of the enemy who had taken possession of it.

Pierre was a gunner at that fort, and one wintry day he was standing by his gun, when General Noël,

the commander, came up and looked carefully at the village through his field-glass.

"Gunner," he said sharply, without looking at Pierre.

"General," answered Pierre, saluting.

"Do you see the bridge over there?"

"I see it very well, sir."

"And that little cottage there, at the left, in a thicket of shrubs?"

Pierre turned pale.

"I see it, sir."

"It's a nest of Prussians. Try it with a shell, my man."

Pierre turned paler still, and in spite of the cold wind that made the officers shiver in their great-coats, one might have seen big drops of sweat standing out on his forehead; but nobody noticed the gunner's emotion. He aimed his piece carefully, and fired.

The officers, with their glasses, watched the effect of the shot after the smoke had cleared. "Well hit, my man! well hit!" exclaimed the general, looking at Pierre with a smile. "The cottage couldn't have been very solid. It is completely smashed."

He was surprised to see great tears running down the gunner's cheeks.

"What's the matter, man?" the general asked, rather roughly.

"Pardon me, general," said Pierre, in a low tone.

"It was my own cottage—everything I had in the world."

READING LESSON I.

We are going to study how to read ; and the first thing we must know is, What is reading ?

If we were together in the school-room, I could tell you what I have to say ; but since we are so far apart, I must write it. Now, before we answer the first question, let us try to get an answer to another : What is speaking ? Speaking is telling someone what I am thinking or feeling. So, if you were in my school I could tell you the thoughts I have about reading. But you are not, and so I must write them. Now we are ready to answer the question, What is reading ? Reading is getting thought from the printed or written page.

Let us go a little further. Suppose I want to teach you reading through the printed page, what do I do ? I first think over very carefully what I have to say, and then I choose and write the words that will give you my meaning. But remember, you must study my words and think about them as carefully as I did when I wrote them.

Have you been attentive so far ? Let us see. Can you tell me what speaking is ? what reading is ? If you can't, don't you see you haven't been paying attention ?

Getting thought from the printed page should be just like listening carefully to my speaking. Yes, you must be more careful in reading, because I am not there to explain things to you, or to repeat my

words. You have only the printed words, and if you don't listen very carefully to what they say, you won't understand me. Now let us see whether this is clear. Here is a sentence; can you see what I see? "The next day, which was Saturday, the king called his generals and some of his friends to the royal tent, and told them, in a quiet voice, that at daybreak on Tuesday he was going to return to London and give up the war."

Now take your eyes off the book and tell your teacher all you saw, and tell it in just the order the pictures occur on the page. If you miss any steps, you must read again and again until you see the whole thought so clearly that it seems real; then I am sure you will be able to tell it correctly. You need not use my words; just use your own language.

When you have done this you are ready to take the next step. Read the sentence to the class so that you make them see just what you see. Be sure you never forget this.

You must remember that unless you *try* to make them see the pictures you have in mind, they will be very likely not to understand you.

Now, what have we been doing? First, we studied the meaning of the words; second, we got several pictures; and third, we tried to give those pictures to others. So we see there are two kinds of reading: One for ourselves, the other, for others. The first kind must always go before the second: for if we haven't anything in our minds to tell, how can we give it to others?

Let us remember, then, that reading for others is just like talking to them, and unless we get from the page just the thought the writer has in mind we can't give that thought to another. Sometimes it is not easy to get this thought; but if you will study carefully, it will get to be clearer and clearer, until at last it is just as easy to understand as if it had been your own. I want to give you a short drill, and then our first lesson will be over. "In the summer the grass is green, but it turns brown in the fall." Can you imagine how green grass looks? how brown grass looks? Do you notice that fall is the time when grass is brown? Again: "He was a very tall man, with light, curly hair, tanned skin, and blue eyes. His shoulders were stooped like those of a farmer or of one who had been digging in the mines." Close your eyes and then call up the picture of this man. Do you see him as a real man? Now read this sentence aloud so that your classmates may get the same picture that you have.

These are the three things we have learned in our first lesson, and they are very, very important: We must *get* the thought; we must *hold* the thought; and we must *give* the thought. This is reading aloud.

We shall not have another lesson for some time, but until we do I want you to be getting these pictures from everything you read; from your geography lesson, your history lesson, and even your arithmetic lesson. I am sure you will get these lessons better than you ever did before.

—S. H. Clark.

THE CROCUS'S SONG.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
 Where nothing cheering can reach me ;
 Here, without light to see how to grow,
 I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
 Locked in so gloomy a dwelling ;
 My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
 While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
 From this cold dungeon to free me,
 I will peer up with my little bright head —
 All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge
 As rays of the sun from their focus ;
 I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
 A happy and beautiful Crocus !

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
 This little lesson may borrow, —
 Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hour,
 We come out the brighter to-morrow.

—Gould.

THE FLAX.

The flax was in full bloom ; it had pretty little blue flowers as delicate as the wings of a moth, or even more so. The sun shone, and the showers watered it ; and that was just as good for the flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mother. They look much prettier for it, and so did the flax.

"People say that I look exceedingly well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long, that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am! it makes me so happy; it is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me. How the sunshine cheers me, and how sweet and refreshing is the rain! my happiness overpowers me; no one in the world can feel happier than I do."

One day some people came, who took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots; this was painful. Then it was laid in water as if they intended to drown it; and, after that, placed it near a fire as if it were to be roasted; all this was very shocking.

"We cannot expect to be happy always," said the flax; "by experiencing evil as well as good we become wise." And certainly there was plenty of evil in store for the flax. It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed; indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it.

At last it was put on the spinning-wheel. "Whirr, whirr," went the wheel so quickly that the flax could not collect its thoughts.

"Well, I have been very happy," he thought in the midst of his pain, "and must be contented with the past;" and contented he remained till he was put on the loom, and became a beautiful piece of white linen. All the flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece. "How wonderful it is that, after all I have suffered, I am made something of at last; I am the luckiest person in

the world—so strong and fine; and how white, and what a length! This is something different from being a mere plant and bearing flowers. Then I had no attention, nor any water unless it rained. Now I am watched and taken care of. Every morning the maid turns me over, and I have a shower-bath from the watering-pot every evening. Yes, and the clergyman's wife noticed me, and said I was the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier than I am now."

After some time, the linen was taken into the house, placed under the scissors, and cut and torn into pieces, and then pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant; but at last it was made into garments.

"See, now, then," said the flax, "I have become something of importance. This was my destiny; it is quite a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, as every one ought to be; it is the only way to be happy."

Years passed away; and at last the linen was so worn it could scarcely hold together.

"It must end very soon," said the pieces to each other. "We would gladly have held together a little longer, but it is useless to expect impossibilities."

And at length they fell into rags and tatters, and thought it was all over with them, for they were torn to shreds, and steeped in water, and made into a pulp, and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper.

"Well, now, this is a surprise; a glorious surprise, too," said the paper. "I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me? This is wonderful luck!"

And sure enough, the most beautiful stories and poetry were written upon it, and only once was there a blot, which was very fortunate.

Then people heard the stories and poetry read, and it made them wiser and better; for all that was written had a good and sensible meaning, and a great blessing was contained in the words on the paper.

"I never imagined anything like this," said the paper, "when I was only a little blue flower, growing in the fields. How could I fancy that I should ever be the means of bringing knowledge and joy to men? I cannot understand it myself, and yet it is really so. Heaven knows I have done nothing myself, but what I was obliged to do with my weak powers for my own preservation; and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honor to another. Each time I think that the song is ended; and then something higher and better begins for me. I suppose now I shall be sent on my travels about the world, so that people may read me. It cannot be otherwise; indeed it is more than probable; for I have more splendid thoughts written upon me than I had pretty flowers in olden times. I am happier than ever."

But the paper did not go on its travels. It was

sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book, or rather hundreds of books; for so many more persons could derive pleasure and profit from a printed book than from the written paper; and if the paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

"This is certainly the wisest plan," said the written paper; "I really did not think of that. I shall remain at home and be held in honor, like some old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. They will do some good. I could not have wandered about as they do. Yet he who wrote all this has looked at me as every word flowed from his pen upon my surface. I am the most honored of all."

Then the paper was tied in a bundle with other papers, and thrown into a tub that stood in the washhouse.

"After work, it is well to rest," said the paper, "and a very good opportunity this is to collect one's thoughts. Now I am able, for the first time, to think of my real condition; and to know one's self is true progress. What will be done with me now, I wonder? No doubt I shall still go forward."

Now it happened one day that all the paper in the tub was taken out, and laid on the hearth to be burnt. People said it could not be sold at the shop, to wrap up butter and sugar, because it had been written upon. The children in the house stood round the stove; for they wanted to see the paper

burn, because it flamed up so prettily, and afterwards, among the ashes, so many red sparks could be seen running one after the other, here and there, as quick as the wind. They called it "seeing the children come out of school," and the last spark was the schoolmaster. They often thought the last spark had come; and one would cry, "There goes the schoolmaster;" but the next moment another spark would appear shining so beautifully. How they would like to know where the sparks all went to! Perhaps we shall find out some day, but we don't know now.

The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire, and was soon alight. "Ugh!" cried the paper, as it burst into a bright flame; "ugh!" It was certainly not very pleasant to be burning; but when the whole was wrapped in flames, the flames mounted up into the air higher than the flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flower; and they glistened as the white linen never could have glistened. All the written letters became quite red in a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned into fire.

"Now I am mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flames; and it was as if a thousand voices echoed the words; and the flames darted up through the chimney and went out at the top. Then a number of tiny beings, as many in number as the flowers on the flax had been, and invisible to mortal eyes, floated above them. They were even lighter and more delicate than the flowers from which they were born; and as the flames were

extinguished, and nothing remained of the paper but black ashes, these little things danced upon it; and whenever they touched it bright red sparks appeared.

—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently ; it is better far
To rule by love than fear :
Speak gently ; let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain ;
Teach it in accents soft and mild ;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one ;
Grieve not the care-worn heart :
The sands of life are nearly run ;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor ;
Let no harsh tone be heard ;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring ; know
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perhaps unkindness made them so ;
Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently : 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

—*David Bates.*

WHAT CAME OF WONDERING.

There was once a man who had three sons ; and their names were Peter, William, and John. The man was very poor ; so he told his sons over and over again that they must go out into the world and try to earn their bread, for at home there was nothing to be looked for but starvation.

Some miles distant from the poor man's cottage stood the king's palace. Over against the windows of the palace grew an oak, so tall, and large, and thick, that it kept the sun's rays from entering.

It was always dark in the rooms of the palace ; and this made the king very miserable. He had offered large sums of money to any one who should cut down the oak. No person could do it, for as soon as one chip was struck off, two grew in its place.

The king also wished a well to be dug which should never be without water. Many had tried to dig such a well, but all had failed, for the palace stood on a hill, and they had not dug a few inches before they came upon the hard, dry rock.

As the king had set his heart on having the oak cut down, and the well dug, he caused it to be proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he who could do these things should marry the princess, his daughter, and rule over half the kingdom. Many a man came to try his luck, but every stroke given to the

oak made it stouter ; while the rock became harder at every touch of the spade.

The three brothers resolved to set out for the palace to see whether they might not succeed. On their way they had to pass a fir-wood, and along one side of it rose a steep hill. They heard some one hewing and hacking in the wood near the top of the hill.

"I wonder," said Jack, "who is hewing up there!"—"You are always so clever with your wonderings!" said his brothers; "what is it but a woodman felling a tree!"—"Still I should like to see," said Jack, and up he went.

"Oh! if you are such a child, it will do you good to go and take a lesson!" shouted his brothers after him. Jack heeded not, but climbed to the place where the noise seemed to come from; and what do you think he saw? Why an axe that stood there hacking of itself at the trunk of a tree.

"Good morning!" said Jack. "So you stand here alone, and hew, do you?"—"Yes; here I have stood hewing a long time, waiting for you!" said the axe. "Here I am at last," said Jack, as he pulled the head off its haft, and put both head and haft into his wallet.

"When he joined his brothers they laughed at him, and asked what funny thing he saw on the top of the hill. "Oh, it was only an axe I heard," said Jack.

They walked on, and came to a turn in the road where there was a steep spur of the rock. There

they heard something digging and shovelling. "I wonder," said Jack, "what it is that is digging and shovelling yonder on the rock."—"You are always so clever with your wonderings!" again replied his brothers. "Have you never heard a woodpecker striking a hollow tree with its pointed bill?"

"Well, well," said Jack, "I shall go and see what it really is." He went, and what do you think he saw? Why, a spade stood there digging and shovelling. "Good day!" said Jack; "so you stand here alone, do you?"—"Yes; I have been waiting a long time for you," said the spade. "Here I am at last," said Jack, as he took it up, knocked it off its handle, and put it into his wallet.

"What strange thing did you see on the rock?" sneeringly asked his brothers, as Jack overtook them. "Oh! only a spade," said he.

The brothers continued their journey. Presently they came to a little brook, and being thirsty, they lay down on its bank to have a drink. "How pleasant this water is!" said Jack; "I wonder where it comes from?"—"I wonder if you are right in your head?" said his brothers at once. "You are quite crazy with your wonderings. Where the water comes from! Have you never heard how it rises from a spring in the earth?"—"Still, I wish to go and see where this brook comes from," said Jack.

So he followed the windings of the brook towards its source, in spite of the laughter of his brothers. A long way up the hillside, what do you think he

saw ? Why, a great walnut shell, and out of that the water trickled.

"Good-day!" said Jack, "and so you lie here alone, and the water trickling out of you."—"Yes," said the walnut; "and I have lain here many years with the water trickling out of me, waiting for you."—"Here I am!" said Jack, as he took a bit of moss, and plugged the hole that the water might not run out. Then he put the walnut shell into his wallet, and ran to join his brothers.

"Have you found where the brook comes from?" asked Peter and Willie, in the same breath. "A rare sight it must have been!"—"After all, it was only a hole it ran out of," said Jack. His brothers laughed, and thought Jack very foolish.

At last they reached the king's palace, and saw the mighty oak. Many of the king's subjects had come from every quarter of the land, to see whether they might not succeed in felling the oak and digging the well, and so obtain the promised reward. But all had failed, and the oak was much larger and the rock much harder than at first.

Accordingly, the king had declared that if any one tried to fell the oak, or dig the well, and failed to do either, he should have his ears cut off, and be banished to a desert island, far from home and friends. The brothers were not scared by the threat of this severe punishment in case of failure. They determined to try.

Peter, being the eldest, took up the axe and struck a great blow at the root of the oak. For

every chip that flew off, two grew in its place. It would not do. The king's soldiers seized Peter, cut off his ears, and sent him away to the desert island. William next tried, but he also failed, and met the same fate.

It was now Jack's turn to try. "If you will have your ears cut off, you had better get it done at once, and save trouble," said the king, who was angry with him on account of the failure of his brothers.

"I should like to try first," said Jack. He took the axe out of his wallet, and fitted it to its haft. "Hew away!" said he to his axe; and away it hewed, making great chips fly to the right and left, so that the king and his attendants were glad to stand far off. In a few minutes the oak fell with a great crash, and the people shouted as if they would rend the sky.

Jack then took the spade out of his wallet, and fitted it to its handle. "Dig away!" said he to his spade; and it dug away, breaking the rock into splinters. In a short time the well was made, broad and deep. Jack took the walnut shell from his wallet, laid it in a corner of the well, and pulled out the bit of moss. "Trickle and run!" said Jack, and the water gushed out, and filled the well to overflowing.

Thus Jack felled the oak and dug the well. The king was greatly pleased, and gave Jack what he had promised.

But Jack did not forget his brothers, though

formerly they had laughed and jeered at him. He pleaded with the king to recall them from the desert island. If he could, he would have restored their ears. Perhaps it was well they had lost them, else they would have heard every day the people saying to each other: "After all, Jack was not so much out of his mind when he took to wondering."

—*Dasent.*

READING LESSON II.

You remember that in our last lesson we learned that we must first get the thought before we could read. Now we are to study how to get the thought.

Did you ever notice how you think? If you hear the word "Car," what do you think of? Some, of a horse car; some, of an electric car; and some, of a steam car. So you see the word "Car" by itself doesn't give us a very clear picture. The words, "I saw," don't mean very much either. For, unless we know what you saw, we get nothing to think about. The two words "in a" don't mean much, and by this time you know why.

Let us put all these words together and add a word or two: "I saw a man in a steam car." Now we have a clear picture. What do we learn from this? We learn that a single word doesn't give us a clear picture, and that it takes three, and four, and sometimes many words, to give us a picture. We can think "I saw a man," or "in a steam car," but we get a complete sentence only when we put these

two groups of words together. We notice also that while it takes just a moment to see a picture, it often takes many words to describe it.

What we have done is called grouping; that is, reading several words together just as we read the syllables of a word. Let us try some examples. "Charles gave a sled to his brother." Here there are two groups: One ending at "sled," the other, at "brother." "I went to King Street with my sister to buy a new hat." Here we have three groups. Can you pick them out?

The last thing we are to learn in this lesson is that every group of words has a picture in it, and that we must not read aloud any word until we have got the thought or the picture in the group.

Pick out the groups in the following sentence, and then read aloud, but be sure you pay attention to the picture in each group: "When-our-school-closes for-the-summer-vacation, some-of-us-go-to-the-country, others-go-to-the-lakes, some-go-to-the-mountains, and-many-stay-in-the-city."

For to-morrow's lesson I want you to bring in the groups in the following examples, putting hyphens between the words of each group, just as we did in the sentence about the summer vacation:

Stanza 1 of "Canada, Maple Land."

Stanza 2 of "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod."

First 10 lines of "The Flax."

I should like you to keep on studying grouping for a week or so, and in every reading lesson you have

I want you to be sure to get the groups. In this way, you will get a great many more pictures from your reading lesson than you have ever got before.

—S. H. Clark.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL BANNER.

Britain owes its renowned Union Jack, as probably also its name, to King James the First. The flag of England was, previous to his reign, a red cross—that of St. George—on a white field; the flag of Scotland a white diagonal cross—that of St. Andrew—on a blue field. That the flag might be formed for the united countries of England and Scotland, the King, in 1606, ordered the red cross of St. George bordered with white to represent its white field, to be so placed on the flag of Scotland that the two crosses should have but one central point. This flag was first hoisted at sea on April 12, 1606, and was first used as a military flag by the troops of both nations on the ratification of the legislative union of England and Scotland, on May 1, 1607.

On the Parliamentary union of Great Britain and Ireland the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick was placed side by side with the white cross of St. Andrew so as to form one cross, the white next to the mast being uppermost, and the red cross in the fly, while to it on the red side a narrow border of white was added to represent the white field of the flag of Ireland, and upon these was placed the bordered

cross of St. George, as in the previous flag. The three crosses thus combined constitute the present Union Jack.

It's only a small bit of bunting—

It's only an old colored rag—

Yet thousands have died for its honor,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew
Which of old Scotland's heroes had led,
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Join'd with these is the old English ensign—
St. George's red cross on white field,
Round which from King Richard to Wolseley,
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the wave ;
And the bondsman from shackle unloosen'd,
'Neath its shadow no longer a slave.

It floats over Malta and Cyprus—
Over Canada, India, Hong Kong,
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying
Claim the rights that to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion
To our Queen, to our country and laws ;
It's the outward yet visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may call it a small bit of bunting—
You may say it's an old color'd rag—
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

THE CAPTURE OF THE WHALE.

"Tom," cried Barnstable, starting, "there is the blow of a whale!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" returned the cockswain; "here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward."

"The fellow takes it coolly, too. He's in no hurry to get an offing."

"'Tis a fin-back!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "He will soon make headway, and be off."

"No, sir; 'tis a right-whale," answered Tom. "I saw his spout. He threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at."

Barnstable laughed, and exclaimed in joyous tones, "Give strong way, my hearties! Let us have a stroke of a harpoon at the impudent rascal!"

The men shouted, and the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and reared his immense body above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise like the rushing of winds. After this exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sank again into the sea, and slowly disappeared.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the moment the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightening with the excitement of the sport. "He'll soon run his nose against the bottom if he stands long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of pure air. Send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise we shall not be out of his track."

In a few minutes the water broke near them, and another spout was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed for half his length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a sound and foam equal to that which is produced by the launching of a vessel for the first time. After this the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from further efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain; and when he was in a state of rest, a few long strokes sent the boat directly up to the whale, with its bows pointing towards one of the fins which was exposed to view. The cockswain poised his harpoon, and then darted it from him with a violence that buried the iron in the body of their foe.

Long Tom shouted, "I've touched the fellow's life! It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever swum the ocean."

"I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet," said the commander. "Feel

your line, Master Coffin. Can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner."

"'Tis the creatur's way, sir," said the cockswain. "You know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man. But lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him."

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became less rapid as he grew weak from the loss of blood. From a state of perfect rest the terrible monster then threw his tail on high as when in sport, till all was hid from view in a pyramid of foam that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowings of a herd of bulls; and to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist.

Gradually these efforts subsided, and the discolored water again settled down to the long swell of the ocean; the fish was exhausted. As life departed, the enormous black mass rolled to one side; and when the white and glistening mass of the belly became apparent, the seamen well knew that their victory was achieved.

—James Fenimore Cooper.

If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

—Herrick.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree !
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree !
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley !
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily !

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree !
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper !"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me !
Geezis, the great sun, behold me !"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha !"



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With his knife the tree he girdled ;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward ;
Down the trunk from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar !
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me !"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance ;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha !"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree !
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched its forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha !"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree !
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha !"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fi
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom !"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha !"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
 All the little shining arrows,
 Stained them red and blue and yellow
 With the juice of roots and berries ;
 Into his canoe he wrought them,
 Round its waist a shining girdle,
 Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
 On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
 In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest ;
 And the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews ;
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
 Paddles none he had or needed,
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,
 And his wishes served to guide him ;
 Swift or slow at will he glided,
 Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
 To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
 Saying, "Help me clear this river
 Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind
 Plunged as if he were an otter,
 Dove as if he were a beaver,

Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha,
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

To me the world's an open book,
Of sweet and pleasant poetry ;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way towards the sea ;
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain, the waving grass,
And in the cool, fresh evening breeze
That crisp the wavelets as they pass.

THE OLIVE TREE.

Ten years had passed since Cecrops came to Greece. In that short time "he had made mild a rugged people, and subdued them to the useful and the good." Instead of swamps and forests there were fruitful fields; instead of caves and hovels there were pleasant little homes; instead of bloodshed there was peace and quiet; and on the highest hill, where flourished once the oak and pine, was now a market place, and round the hill was built a strong stone wall, so none might enter the young city without leave.

King Cecrops sat within the market place consulting with his chiefs, when, lifting up his eyes, he saw two strangers standing in their midst.

The elder of the two was white with years, but straight and tall; the younger was a woman, quiet and grave, with noble brow, and eyes of wondrous beauty.

"The gods be with you," said the elder of the two, "and what fair city have we here?"

To this the King replied: "Most noble strangers, how you came within our walls we cannot tell, but, being in, we bid you welcome. This, our city, we have built but lately, and it has not yet received a name."

"Then name it after me," said the tall stranger. "I am Poseidon, and I rule the sea. Give my name to your city, and the wealth of all the world is yours. Your ships shall sail to every land, and all shall know you as the mistress of the seas."

King Cecrops bowed, but ere he could reply the woman spoke. "I am Athena, and I wisdom bring, But name your city after me and I shall come to dwell with you, and you shall sway the hearts and minds of men until the end of time."

Then Cecrops and his council were divided in their views, for some cried "Wealth," and some cried "Wisdom." So they asked the gods to give an exhibition of their power.

Poseidon struck the hard bare rock, and from the yawning cleft there sprang a noble steed, with golden mane and tail, and body white as milk.

Athena struck the grassy sod, and, to the sound of music, slowly rose a stately tree, with slender branches, snow-white blossoms, and green leaves.

Poseidon placed his arm about the neck of his fair gift, and said: "A friend in peace and war; the noble steed will bear your burdens, and transport you faster than the wind."

Athena, smiling, bent the olive branch, and whispered low: "Lo! here is beauty, here is food and shelter, here is fruit whose oil will be a boon to all the world."

Then all, with one accord, cried: "Wisdom and the olive tree! Our city shall be Athens."

So it grew and prospered like Athena's tree, and if to-day you visit the famed city you will find a broken temple where once stood the market place, and some will show you the cleft rock whence sprang Poseidon's steed, and, best of all, your eyes may rest upon the spot where grew the first green olive tree.

HIAWATHA.—PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,
 "Lo ! how all things fade and perish !
 From the memory of the old men
 Fade away the great traditions,
 The achievements of the warriors,
 The adventures of the hunters,
 All the wisdom of the Medas,
 All the craft of the Wabenos,
 All the marvellous dreams and visions
 Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !

"Great men die and are forgotten,
 Wise men speak ; their words of wisdom
 Perish in the ears that hear them,
 Do not reach the generations,
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting
 In the great mysterious darkness
 Of the speechless days that shall be !

"On the grave-posts of our fathers
 Are no signs no figures painted ;
 Who are in those graves we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.
 Of what kith they are and kindred,
 From what old, ancestral Totem,
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
 They descended, this we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face, we speak together,
 But we cannot speak when absent,
 Cannot send our voices from us

To the friends that dwell afar off ;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May prevent it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was darkened ;

Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile.
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it ;
White the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time ;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noon-tide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of Guests assembling ;
Bloody hands, with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said : " Behold, your grave-posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them, all with figures,
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem ;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts
Of the graves yet unforgotten,

Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household ;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The Wabenos, the magicians,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored ;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the heaven ;
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven ;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic ;
Headless men that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heavens !

Such as these the shapes they painted
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin ;
Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,
The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting !
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;
'Tis the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, "My painting
Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, "Listen !
'Tis my voice you hear, my singing !"

Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
"I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion !"

Then two figures, man and woman,
Standing hand in hand together,
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united ;

And the words thus represented
Are, "I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!"

Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, "Though you were at a distance,
Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!"

Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, "Though you were far from me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach you!"

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
"Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

READING LESSON III.

Read to yourself this little sentence: "Robert has a slate." Is that a complete picture? You see that it is. Now read this sentence: "Robert has a slate and a pencil." Here you note that Robert has two things, so the sentence is not complete when we come to the word "slate." Although we have a clear picture, yet we have not the whole picture. How do we know this? In the first sentence there was a period after "slate," but in the second sentence there was none, and because there wasn't, we kept on reading and found there was another group of words giving us the picture of something else Robert had. Now, this teaches us that if we want to read just as we speak, we must be careful to get not only one picture or two, but all the pictures in the sentence.

Let me show you how we often make mistakes in our reading because we don't pay attention to what I have just shown you. Suppose we have this sentence: "I saw a cat, and a mouse, and a rat." Now some pupils are careless and they read, "I saw a cat," just as if that were the whole sentence. Then they look a little further and see the next group, "and a mouse," and they read that. Then they see the rest of the sentence, "and a rat," and they read that. But we know that is not the way to read. We must first read the whole sentence silently until

we get the picture in each group, and then we shall be sure to read the sentence just as one of us would speak it if he really saw the cat, the rat, and the mouse, at the same time.

Here is a very good example for you to study. Read it through slowly and carefully, and don't try to read it aloud until you see clearly the picture in each group. If you do as I ask, you will get a complete picture of the way in which the young soldier prepares to go to battle:—

“ But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent.”

Can you not see the young warrior rising from his couch, dressing himself, girding on his sword, and so forth? If you can, then I am sure you will be able to make others see it as a complete picture, without breaking it up into many pieces, just as we used to do in the first book. You see, he didn't rise and stop; and then dress himself and stop; and gird his sword and stop; but one action followed the other, just as each car in a long, moving train follows another. Each car is like a group of words, and the whole train is like a complete sentence.

—S. H. Clark.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains,
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

—Aaron Hill.

THE SENTINEL'S POUCH.

Private William Baum, of the Prussian army, as he stood peering into the darkness, was almost wishing that the Austrians and Russians, whose camp-fires he could see along the other side of the valley, would make an attack, and give him something else to do than shiver in the wet.

But they did not; and Baum, growing colder and wetter every minute, wished himself back in his snug little apple-orchard at the foot of the "Giant Mountains," where he used to be in bed every night before the village clock tolled ten, after a good sup-
of brown bread and cabbage.

"If the king had to be out in a night of this sort," he said aloud, "he'd soon be as tired of war as I am."

"And how do you know he hasn't?" broke in a sharp voice, close beside him.

At once Baum was himself again. The first sign of a stranger approaching his post recalled him to his duty as a soldier.

His musket was at his shoulder in a moment, and his voice rang out clear and stern,—

"Stand! Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied the unknown.

"Advance, friend, and give the pass-word."

"The Prussian eagle."

"Pass, friend; all's well."

But instead of passing on the stranger came close up to the sentry, who could just make out by a stray gleam of moonlight, that his visitor was wrapped in a horseman's cloak, and had a hat drawn over his eyes in such a way as to hide his face.

"You seem to have rather damp quarters here, comrade," said he. "Why don't you have a smoke to warm yourself a bit?"

"Smoke!" replied the sentry. "Why, where do you come from, brother, not to know that smoking on duty is forbidden?"

"But suppose the king gave you leave to smoke?" said the stranger.

"The king!" answered the soldier, gruffly. "What would my captain say? Long before the king could hear of it, the drummer's cane would make acquaintance with my back."

"Pooh! the captain's not here to see you. Out with your pipe, man. I'll tell no tales."

"Look here, you rascal!" cried the soldier, in an angry tone, "I half suspect you're some fellow who wants to get me into trouble. Now, if that's so, you had better be off before worse comes of it; for if you say any more I'll give you a cuff you won't like."

"I'd like to see you try it," said the other, with a laugh.

The soldier's only reply was a blow which, sent the stranger's battered old hat flying into the air, while he himself staggered back several paces.

"Very good," said he, recovering himself, and

speaking in quite a different tone. "You'll hear of this to-morrow, my man, and get what you deserve, never fear. Good-night to you."

He stooped as he spoke, and picking up something from the ground, vanished into the darkness.

The sudden change in his unknown visitor's tone and manner, and his parting threat, caused some uneasiness to Baum. He began to fear that he had insulted an officer of high rank—a colonel at the very least, perhaps even a general.

"However," thought he, "he doesn't know my name, that's one comfort; and he won't find it very easy to describe the spot where I was posted, seeing that the night is so dark."

But the next moment he gave a terrible start, for he had just missed his tobacco-pouch, which usually hung at his belt; and he remembered having seen the stranger pick up something as he went off. It must have been the pouch, and his name was upon it in full.

There was not much sleep for poor Baum that night, although he was relieved from guard half an hour later. He tried to keep up his courage by telling himself over and over again that the general could hardly punish him for obeying orders; but even this did not comfort him much, for in those days there were very few things which a general could not do to a private soldier.

The next morning, sure enough, a corporal and four men came to conduct Private William Baum to headquarters; and when he got there he found

all the generals standing around a little lean, bright-eyed man, in a very shabby dress, whom Baum knew at once to be the king himself—Frederick the Great of Prussia.

“Gentlemen,” said Frederick, and with a sharp glance at the unlucky sentry, “what does a Prussian soldier deserve who strikes his king?”

“Death,” answered the generals with one voice.

“Good!” said Frederick. “Here is the man.”

And he held out a tobacco-pouch marked with the name of “William Baum.”

“Mercy, sire, mercy!” cried Baum, falling on his knees. “I never thought it was your majesty with whom I was speaking.”

“No, I don’t suppose you did,” said the king, clapping him on the shoulder; “and I hope all my soldiers will obey orders as well as you do. I said you should get what you deserve, and so you shall; for I’ll make you Sergeant this very day.”

And the king kept his word.

A HINDU FABLE.

It was six men of Hindustan,
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl,—
“I clearly see the elephant
Is very like a wall!”

The *Second*, feeling round the tusk,
Cried, “Ho! what have we here,
So very round, and smooth, and sharp!
To me it is quite clear,
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!”

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant
Is very like a snake!”

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee;
“What most this wondrous beast is like
To me is plain,” said he:
“’Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree!”

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, “Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!”

The *Sirth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail,
That fell within his scope—
“I see,” quoth he, “the elephant
Is very like a rope !”

And so these men of Hindustan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right
And all were in the wrong.

THE EMPEROR'S WATCH.

Herr Alfred Krupp succeeded his father in 1848 as the owner and manager of a small iron foundry at Essen in Prussia. He had only a few workmen, and little money to pay them with; but he knew his work, and was always ready to adopt any new invention which he saw to be useful.

Before he died, in 1887, his iron and steel foundries gave work to more than twenty thousand people, and he was the owner of many iron and coal mines. He was the first to use steel for making cannon, and he made steel cannon for the most of the countries of Europe.

The Emperor William I. of Germany was a great friend of Herr Krupp's, and used often to visit his

foundry, and watch his huge steam-hammers at work on the great blocks of steel which were being hammered into the shape of big guns. One day, as he went round the works along with some of his attendants, the owner pointed out to him a very large steam-hammer which weighed fifty tons.

The man who had charge of this hammer was a very clever workman, and the great gunmaker was very proud of him. As they came up to him Herr Krupp said to the Emperor, "This is Fritz and his big hammer. He manages it so well that he can bring it down with all its force, and yet stop it a tenth part of an inch above the anvil."

The emperor took out his watch—a beautiful gold watch set with diamonds—and laid it on the centre of the anvil. Then, with a smile, he ordered Fritz to let fall the hammer and stop it before it could touch the watch.

The emperor's attendants who stood by looked on with surprise, and Fritz himself did not seem at all willing to take the risk. But Herr Krupp urged him to make the trial, and at his master's order he "let go."

Down came the great block of steel with all its force; but before it reached the watch, it was stopped as if it had been a feather, and there it remained, so close to the watch that not even a baby's finger could have been put between.

"Bravo! well done!" cried the delighted emperor, while those who stood by drew a long breath, and looked very glad to see the trial so well over. Herr

Krupp looked more proud than ever of his workman's skill.

He stooped down to lift the watch from the anvil; but the emperor stopped him. "No, no; that watch belongs to Fritz. He has fairly earned it by the skill he has shown." When he said this, a hearty cheer burst from the workmen near, and rang through the whole building.

Herr Krupp was not to be beaten in kindness by the emperor; so he took out his purse and handed it to the blushing Fritz along with the emperor's watch, saying, as he did so, "Take this for the little ones at home." Then another cheer rang through the building, while the good old emperor himself clapped his hands.

THE BRAVE THREE HUNDRED.

King Xerxes of Persia decided that Greece must be subdued. With a mighty army he crossed the sea, and marched toward the mountain pass by which alone he could reach his enemies. Messengers were sent in advance to every city and state to demand earth and water in token of submission. But the people of Greece were too brave and too fond of liberty to yield without a struggle. So they bade the messengers return to the king and tell him they were resolved to be free.

Then there was a stir throughout all the land. The men made haste to arm themselves, while the

women and children continued to pray to their gods that their country might be spared.

Among the Greeks was none more brave than Leonidas, the captain of a band of Spartans. With his three hundred trusted companions he took up his position in the pass towards which the Persian army was marching. Soon the heavy tramp of armed soldiers made him aware that his enemies were near. On they came, thousands and tens of thousands, and yet Leonidas did not stir. He knew that he must surely die with all his noble band, but he would hold the pass until his countrymen could come to his assistance.

Some one brought him word that the Persian bowmen were so many that their arrows would hide the sun. "So much the better," he replied, "for then we shall fight in the shade."

The Persians came forward and strove to break through the little company, but the Spartans met them with their spears. The bodies of the slain were heaped about them until the Persians had to cumber over their own dead.

For two whole days they fought, and yet the heroes stood their ground. Then the Persian king learned of another road by which he could cross the mountains, and reach his enemies from the rear. Soon the clash of arms told Leonidas that he was surrounded by his foes. Yet he did not yield. The spears of the Spartans were shattered, but they still had swords and daggers. Another day they kept up the unequal war, but when the hour of sunset

came, Leonidas and all his band were slain. In the place where they stood there was but a heap of dead bodies bristling with spears and arrows. Twenty thousand Persians had fallen before that handful of brave men.

Thus it was that Xerxes entered Greece. But he could not subdue a people so brave as these. His fleet was scattered, and his army of a million men was driven back.

At Thermopylæ the brave three hundred were buried, and over their grave was erected a monument on which was written these words:

Go passer-by, at Sparta tell,
Obedient to her laws we fell.

READING LESSON IV.

"When I was in Paris (I mean Paris, Ontario) I saw a great many pretty things."

Read this sentence carefully and you will find something we have not had before: a group of words in parenthesis.

You notice, we should have very good sense without this group. Read it: "When I was in Paris I saw a great many pretty things."

So you see, the words "I mean Paris, Ontario" are not as important as the rest of the sentence. You might say they were thrown in after you had thought of the other idea.

Now, I want you to read the sentence aloud, leaving out the group, "I mean Paris, Ontario." After you have done this five or six times, then read the whole sentence, keeping in mind that the words in parenthesis are not very important, but just thrown in to let people know that you mean Paris in Ontario, and not some other Paris.

The groups that are thrown in are not always put in parenthesis. But that does not make any difference in the reading. Here are a few examples. I want you to practice on them just as you did on the first example in this lesson.

1. "The king of England, who was a very brave man, won several victories over the French."

2. "The largest school in our city, which is Winnipeg, has more than five hundred children in it."

3. "During the Christmas vacation, which lasts ten days, I went to see my grandmother."

4. "Frank did all his mother asked him to do; but William, because he was careless and disobedient, gave his mother and teacher a great deal of trouble."

This last example makes very clear what we have been studying in this lesson. You see plainly that the words, "because he was careless and disobedient," are put in simply to explain why William gave a great deal of trouble.

You must be very careful about this kind of sentence, because there are a great many of them on every page, and you are sure to miss them if you are careless.

There are two things I want you to do before we have another lesson. First: For a few days, I should like you to bring in four or five examples (and I want some good ones) of this kind of sentence, taken from any part of your reading book. Second: I want you to prepare, and very carefully too, for a lesson to be read aloud in class, the following stanzas:

Stanza five of "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Stanza four of "The Village Blacksmith."

—S. H. Clark.

A SERMON.

Whatsoever you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might ;
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man ;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speck of falsehood dim
Spotless truth and honor bright ;
Who will love and honor him
That says *any* lie is white ?
He that falters,
Twists or alters
In his tale the slightest part,
May deceive me,

Eut, believe me,
He will never win my heart.

Help the weak if you are strong ;
Love the old if you are young ;
Own a fault if you are wrong ;
If you're angry hold your tongue ;
In each duty
Lies a beauty
If your eyes you do not shut,
Just as surely
And securely
As the kernel in the nut.

If you think a word will please,
Speak it, if it be but true ;
Kindness you can show with ease,
Though no deed is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften
Gild a joy or heal a pain ;
They are treasures,
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain.

Whatever thing you find to do,
Do it, then, with all your might ;
Let your prayers be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be a Christian and a man ;
And for ever,
Changing never,
Be as thorough as you can.

THOR'S VISIT TO JOTUNHEIM.

Thor, the God of the Northmen, had heard of Jotunheim, the country of the Giant Skrymir, and made up his mind to go there, in order to try his strength. So he set out, taking with him his hammer, Miolnir, and two of his servants. These were Thialfi, the swiftest of foot, and Loki, the great eater, and they travelled toward Utgard, the capital of Jotunheim.

When night fell they were in a great forest. Looking about in the gloom to find shelter, they came upon what seemed to be a huge building with a door that took up the whole breadth of one end. All night long they lay unable to sleep, on account of loud thunder which shook the building like an earthquake. When the daylight came, they found that the thunder was only the snoring of Skrymir, and that the building was the giant's glove.

Skrymir knew Thor, and proposed that they should travel together. And so they travelled together all day. When night came they encamped, and the giant lay down to rest under an oak tree. Thor tried to open his bag of provisions, but found that the giant had tied it up so tight that he could not untie a single knot. In a rage he swung Miolnir and dealt the sleeping giant a mighty blow. Skrymir awoke, and said that he thought a leaf had fallen on his breast. By and by they all lay down again, but the giant snored so loud that Thor could

get no sleep. So he grasped his mighty hammer with both hands and struck the giant again. Skrymir opened his eyes, and said that a bunch of moss, falling from the trees, must have awakened him. A little before daylight Thor put forth all his strength, and dashed the mighty weapon against the giant's skull. Upon this the giant awoke, and remarked that an acorn had fallen upon his head.

It was now near morning, and all four started on their journey. They had gone but a little way when Skrymir turned to the Northward, leaving Thor and his companions to continue toward the east. A short distance from them lay the city of Utgard, and soon they were in the presence of the King.

The King told them they could not stay in the city unless they excelled in some thing. Whereupon Loki proposed a match at eating; Thialfi offered to run a race; and Thor said he would try a drinking bout with anyone.

A trough filled with meat having been set on the hall floor, Loki placed himself at one end. The King commanded Logi to come out and compete with him. Each began to eat as fast as he could, until they met in the middle of the trough. But it was found that Loki had eaten only the flesh, whereas Logi had devoured flesh, bones, and trough.

The King next commanded that Hugi should run a race with Thialfi. They started, but Hugi so far outstripped his competitor that he was able to turn back after reaching the goal, and meet Thialfi not far from the starting-place.

Then said the King to Thor: "It were better for you to have stayed at home, if you turn out no better than your servants." He then bade his cup-bearer to bring out the great drinking-horn. It was not very large, but was of great length. "Now," continued the King, "any one of my subjects ought to empty this at a single draught, but even the weakest can do it in three.

Thor drank long and deep, but the horn seemed nearly as full as before; after a second trial it could be carried without spilling; and when he had set it down the third time, he found the water only a little diminished.

"You are not very thirsty, or you would drink more," said the King. "You may now try to lift my cat from the ground."

Thor put forth his great strength three times, but notwithstanding his efforts, he could not do more than lift one of the cat's feet from the ground.

"I will give you one more trial," said the King; "you may wrestle with my old nurse Ella." Thor wrestled mightily with the toothless old crone, but the more he struggled, the firmer she stood; and at last he was forced down upon one knee.

The King here interfered, and the contests ceased. The travellers were well entertained, and on the morrow set out for home. Toward night they overtook a traveller who turned out to be Skrymir, and they encamped in the very wood where they had passed their first night together. To the giant Thor related the story of his failure.

"Nay," said the giant, "but you have performed great and wonderful deeds. Observe me closely." Thor did so, and saw that Skrymir and the King were one and the same person.

"Now," said the King, "I have all along deceived you. I tied my wallet with iron wire so that you could not untie it. Behold those three chasms in the mountain; they are the marks of Mjolnir, the mighty hammer, for I moved aside as each blow fell. Loki devoured all the food; but Logi was fire, and consumed trough and all. Hugi was Thought; and no man can keep pace with thought. One end of that horn was in the sea; and the very ocean has been lowered by your deep drinking. It was wonderful to see such lifting and wrestling; for the cat is the serpent that encompasses the earth, and the nurse Ella is Old Age, whom none can overcome.

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward, far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow ; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet ! in quiet lie."

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE STORY OF JOSEPH.—I.

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age : and he made him a coat of many colors. And his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren ; and they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren : and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed : for, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright ; and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt

thou, indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams and for his words. And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed yet a dream; and, behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father kept the saying in mind.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them. And he said to him, Here am I. And he said unto him, Go now, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flock; and bring me word again. So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they are feeding the flock. And the man said, They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And they saw him afar off, and before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to

another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And Reuben heard it, and delivered him out of their hands; and said, let us not take his life. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood; cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him: that he might deliver him out of their hands, to restore him to his father. And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph of his coat, the coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him, and cast him into the pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a travelling company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother, our flesh. And his brethren hearkened unto him. And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver. And they brought Joseph into Egypt. And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his

brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go? And they took Joseph's coat and killed a he-goat, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or not. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt torn in pieces. And Jacob rent his garments, and put sackcloth upon his lions, and mourned his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down to the grave to my son, mourning. And his father wept for him. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, the captain of the guard.

—Genesis.

THE FAIRIES OF CALDON LOW.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"

"I've been to the top of Caldon Low
The midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"

"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon hill?"

"I heard the drops the water made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine;

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"—
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At the dawning of the day.

“‘Oh ! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
Till the tears fill both his eyes !’

“And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill ;
And each put a horn unto his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill ;

“‘And there,’ they said, ‘the merry winds go
Away from every horn ;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“‘Oh ! the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low ;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“‘Oh ! the poor, lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night !’

“And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin ;
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another ;
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free ;
And then on the top of the Caldron Low
There was no one left but me.

“And all on the top of the Caldron Low
The mists were cold and grey,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“But, coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jol’y miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

“And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

“And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung ;
And I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

“Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be.”

—*Mary Howitt.*

THE STORY OF JOSEPH.—II.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him ; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud : and the Egyptians heard, and the house of Pharaoh heard. And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph ; doth my father yet live ? And his brethren could not answer him ; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. And now be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither : for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land : and there are yet five years in the which there shall be neither ploughing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a remnant in the earth, and to save you alive by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God : and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and ruler over all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt : come down unto me, tarry not : and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy

children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds, and all that thou hast: and there will I nourish thee; for there are yet five years of famine; lest thou come to poverty, thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast. And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. And he kissed all his brethren and wept upon them: and after that his brethren talked with him.

And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house, saying, Joseph's brethren are come: and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, Say unto thy brethren, This do ye; lade your beasts, and go, get you into the land of Canaan; and take your father and your households, and come unto me: and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land. Now thou art commanded, this do ye, take you wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. Also regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours. And the sons of Israel did so: and Joseph gave them wagons, according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provisions for the way. To all of them he gave each man changes of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver,

and five changes of raiment. And to his father he sent after this manner; ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she-asses laden with corn and bread and victuals for his father by the way. So he sent his brethren away, and they departed: and he said unto them, See that ye fall not out by the way.

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father. And they told him, saying, Joseph is yet alive, and he is ruler over all the land of Egypt. And his heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he said unto them: and when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived: and Israel said, It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.

—Genesis.

READING LESSON V.

Suppose you were very busy studying your reading lesson, and you were just about to read aloud a sentence like this:

“There’s a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming!”

But when you came to the second “good,” let us suppose somebody knocks at the door and you say, “Come in.” What has happened in your reading? You have broken off one thought suddenly and

another has come in its place. Let us see how such a sentence would look :

“There’s a good time coming, boys,
A good—Come in.”

Now, what is the difference between this sentence and those we studied in our last lesson ? It is this : In the former lesson the new thought that was thrown in was really a part of the principal thought ; but in this the new thought has no connection with the principal idea. In the previous lesson the group that was thrown in was a kind of explanation ; in this lesson the first picture is driven entirely out of mind by the second.

Breaks in the thought are of many kinds, and it is very necessary that you should be on the lookout for them. Here is an example of a kind you will find quite often :

“‘Halt !’ The dust-brown ranks stood fast.
‘Fire !’ out blazed the rifle-blast.”

The words “halt” and “fire” are commands given by the general ; and the sentence that follows each of these words tells us what happened after the commands were given.

Another kind of break is found in those selections in which there are two or more persons speaking. As in this : “Frank said, ‘Will you go to school with me ?’ and his brother said, ‘No, I don’t like it.’ ‘Not like school ?’ replied Frank, who was very much surprised, ‘I would rather go there than anywhere I know.’” You can see plainly that there

is a break when the reader changes from one person to another.

The last kind of break we shall speak about in this lesson is that which occurs between the stanzas of a poem or between the paragraphs of a prose selection. I need not give any examples here, for you will find them on every page of your reader. All I need do is tell you that the new paragraph or the new stanza generally begins with a new thought, so you must be sure to get that new thought, and hold it well in mind, before you try to express it.

In closing this lesson I want to show you that you may learn how to read such examples as we have had, if you will but be careful. You must be sure to get each new picture before you utter a word. Take the first example. You have read the first line, "There's a good time coming, boys," and you are just about to repeat it. Now think what you are going to say, and just as you come to the word "good," imagine you hear a knocking, and say, "Come in." If you will only think what the words mean and see the picture, there will be no trouble about reading the example well.

—S. H. Clark.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,
Do you hear, like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow
Battle's distant sound?



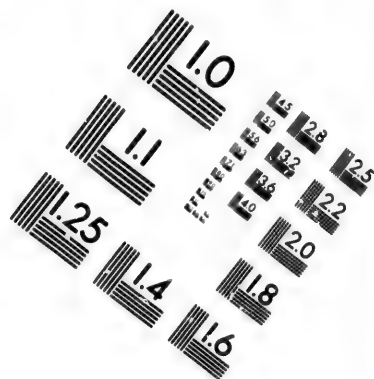
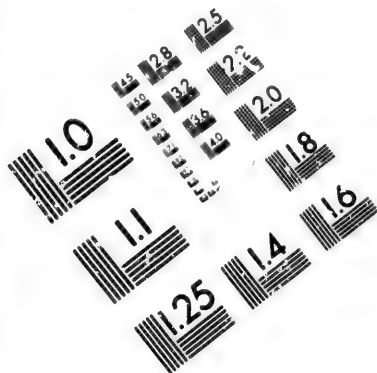
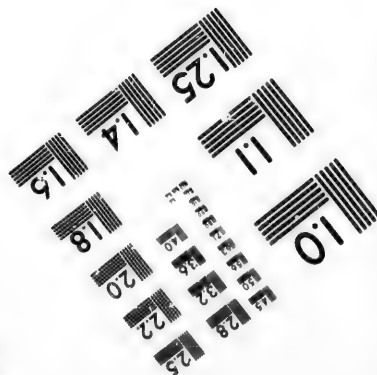
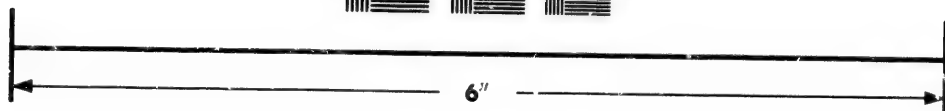
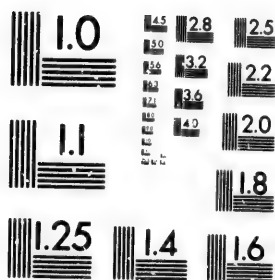


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'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,—
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground !

Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under !
The placid sky, now bright on high,
Shall launch its boits in thunder.
Onward ! 'tis our country needs us.
He is bravest, he who leads us !
Honor's self now proudly heads us !
Cambria, God, and Right !

Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of arrow.
Who would think of death or sorrow ?

Death is glory now !
Hurl the reeling horsemen over !
Let the earth dead foemen cover !
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
Trembles on a blow !

Strands of life are riven ;
Blow for blow is given
In dead'y lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven !
Men of Harlech ! young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story ?
Strike for home, for life, for glory !
Cambria, God, and Right !

—*William Duthie.*

LITTLE TOM, THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

Tom and his master did not go into Harthover House by the great iron gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back door, and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for my lady herself; and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he were going up the chimneys, and not Tom.

And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar!" and Tom did mind, at least all that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice: and so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a house-maid stayed in the room to watch the furniture.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was used, but such as are to be found in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran into one another.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is under ground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with aprons and dusters; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of dogs and horses. The horses he liked, but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs amongst them, not even a terrier.

But of the two pictures which took his fancy the most, one was a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in

a lady's room ; for he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He fancied that he had seen something like it in a shop window. But why was it there ? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture in her room ? Perhaps it was some relation of hers, who had been murdered by savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing Tom saw, and that, too, puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with jugs and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water. "What a heap of things all for washing ! She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt so well out of the way afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older, but Tom did not think of that ; he thought only of

her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered if she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No, she cannot be dirty; she never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself, and then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered if it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily, "What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room?" And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which he had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears of shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide; and upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of two thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and

dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him; Tom would have been ashamed to face his friends forever if he had been stupid enough to be caught by an old woman; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he would have done so bravely enough, for all under the window spread a tree, with great leaves, and sweet white flowers, almost as big as his head. It was a magnolia; and down he went, like a cat, and across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window.

—Charles Kingsley.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

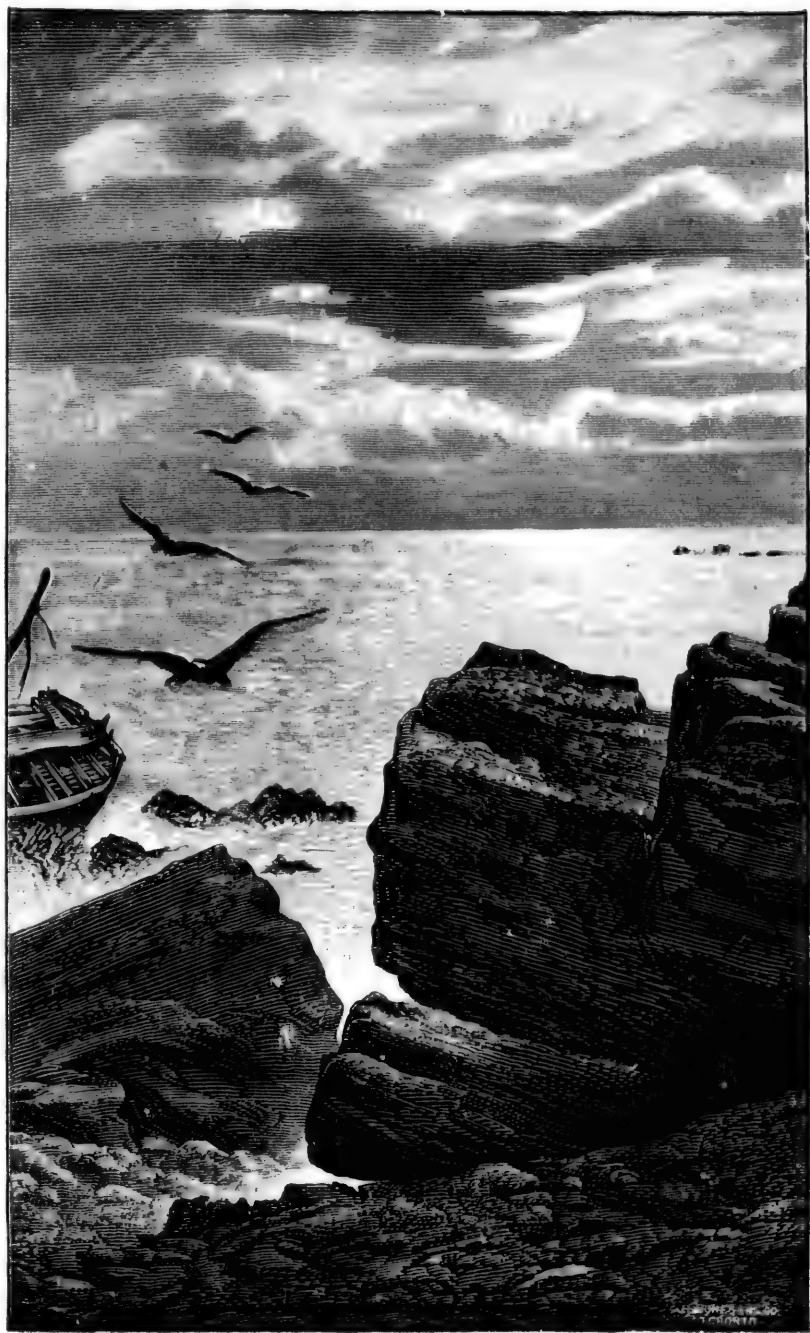
Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea,





"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
 O say what may it be ?"
 "Some ship in distress that cannot live
 In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light,
 O say what may it be ?"
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
 That saved she might be ;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land ;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf,
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

PROCRASTINATION.

One day a farmer, called Bernard, had been to his county town to attend the market there ; and, having finished his business, there still remained some hours before he required to return to his home. Under these circumstances, having nothing particular to do, he thought he might as well get an

opinion from a lawyer. He had often heard people speaking of a certain Mr. Wiseman, whose reputation was so great that even the judge did not like to decide contrary to his opinion. The farmer, therefore, asked for Mr. Wiseman's address, and without delay made his way to his house.

He found a large number of people waiting to ask the advice of the learned and clever lawyer, and he had to wait a long time. At last his turn came, and he was shown into the room. Mr. Wiseman asked him to sit down, and then, settling his spectacles on his nose so as to get a comfortable look at him, begged him to state his business.

"Upon my word, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, uneasily twisting his hat in his hand, "I can't say that I have any particular business with you; but as I happened to be in town to-day, I thought I should be losing an opportunity if I did not get an *opinion* from you."

"I am much obliged by your confidence in me," replied the lawyer. "You have, I suppose, some lawsuit going on?"

"A lawsuit?" said the farmer, "I should rather think not! There is nothing I hate so much, and I have never had a quarrel with any one in my life."

"Then, I suppose, you want some family property fairly and justly divided?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; my family lives with me in peace, and we have no need to think of dividing our property."

"Perhaps, then, you want some agreement drawn up about the sale or purchase of something?"

"Not at all! I am not rich enough to be purchasing property, and not poor enough to wish to sell any."

"Then what on earth do you want me to do, my friend?" said the astonished lawyer.

"Well, Mr. Wiseman, I thought I had already told you that," replied Bernard, with a sheepish laugh; "what I want is an *opinion*—I am ready to pay for it. You see, here I am in town, and it would be a great pity if I were to lose the opportunity."

The lawyer looked at him and smiled; then taking up his pen, he asked the farmer what his name was. "Peter Bernard," said he, quite pleased that the lawyer at last understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Forty years, or somewhere about that."

"Your profession?"

"My profession! Ah, yes! you mean what do I do? I am a farmer."

The lawyer, still smiling, wrote two lines on a piece of paper, folded it up, and gave it to his strange client.

"Is that all," cried Bernard; "well, well! so much the better. I daresay you are too busy to write much. Now, how much does that cost, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Half-a-crown."

Bernard paid the money, well-contented, gave a bow and a scrape, and went away delighted that he

had got his *opinion*. When he reached home it was four in the afternoon; he was tired with his journey, and he resolved to have a good rest. It happened, however, that his hay had been cut for some days, and was now completely dry; and one of his men came to ask if it should be carried in and housed that night."

"This night!" said the farmer's wife, "whoever heard of such a thing? Your master is tired, and the hay can just as well be got in to-morrow." The man said it was no business of his, but the weather might change, and the horses and carts were ready, and the laborers had nothing to do.

To this the angry wife replied that the wind was in a favorable quarter, and that they could not anyway get the work done before nightfall.

Bernard, having listened to both sides of the question, didn't know how to decide, when suddenly he remembered the paper the lawyer had given him. "Stop a minute!" cried he; "I have an *opinion*—a famous opinion—an opinion that cost me half-a-crown. That's the thing to put us straight. You are a grand scholar, my dear; tell us what *it* says." His wife took the paper, and, with some little difficulty, read out these two lines:

"PETER BERNARD, NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY."

"There's the very thing!" cried the farmer. "Quick! out with the men and the carts, and we'll have the hay in at once."

His wife still grumbled, but it was of no use; Bernard was obstinate, he declared that he was not going to pay half-a-crown for nothing, and that, as he had got an *opinion* from his lawyer, he would follow it whatever happened. In fact, he set the example himself, and urging his men to the greatest expedition, he did not return to his home till all the hay was safely housed.

Whatever doubts his wife might have entertained as to his wisdom, were fully put at rest by the result; for the weather changed suddenly during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley; and when she woke in the morning she saw running through the meadows, a brown and turbid flood, carrying in its current the newly-cut hay of her neighbors. All the farmers close by lost their hay, and Bernard alone had saved his. Having experienced the benefits which followed obedience to the advice of the lawyer, Bernard, from that day forward, never failed to regulate his conduct by the same rule, and in course of time he became one of the richest farmers of the district. Nor did he forget the service which Mr. Wiseman had rendered him, for he sent him every year a present of two fat fowls, in remembrance of his valuable advice; and, whenever he had occasion to speak to his neighbors about lawyers, he always said that "after the Ten Commandments, there was nothing that should be more strictly followed than the *opinion* of a good lawyer."

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band :
Mother ! oh, where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"

"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze ;
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"

"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"

"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy—
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there :
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—

It is there, it is there, my child !"

—Mrs. Hemans.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When Florence Nightingale was a very little girl, and living in a village in Derbyshire, everybody noticed how kind she was to other people and to animals. Every person and every animal loved her; she made friends with even the shy squirrels.

There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. One day Florence was riding with a friend, and she saw Roger feeding his sheep. But Cap was not there, and the sheep were running about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask the shepherd what had become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me. He will have to be killed."

"Killed!" said Florence. "O Roger, how wicked of you to say so! What has poor Cap done?"

"*He* has done nothing," replied Roger; "but a cruel boy threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

Florence and her friend rode on to the shepherd's cottage, and went in to see the poor dog. When the girl called him "poor Cap," he began to wag his tail. Then he crawled from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while her friend examined the injured leg.

It was badly swollen, and it hurt him very much to have it touched; but though he moaned with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him, for he knew that it was meant kindly.

"It's only a bad bruise, no bones broken," said Florence's friend. "Rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" said Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? he seems in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to bathe his leg would both ease the pain and help to cure him."

Florence lighted the fire, got ready some hot water, and began to bathe the poor dog's leg. It was not long before he began to feel less pain, and he tried to show his thanks by his looks and by wagging his tail.

On their way back they met the old shepherd coming slowly homeward.

"O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to lose poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all."

"Weil, I'm very glad to hear it," said the old man; "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap's leg, and she found it much better. The following day she bathed it again, and in two or three days the old dog was able to look after the flock again.

This happened many years ago, and that kind-hearted little girl grew up to be the kindest and bravest of women. She spent her youth in learning how to nurse the sick, and how to manage hospitals,

During the Crimean War she went out at the head of a band of trained nurses to take care of our wounded soldiers, who were very badly off for want of proper care and good hospitals. She soon had ten thousand sick men to look after, and she could scarcely find time for rest or sleep. At one time her hard work made her very ill.

Since then she has done a great deal to improve our hospitals at home. Her whole life had been spent in helping the sick, and especially those who are poor.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal waves of deeper souls,
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

READING LESSON VI.

Let us look at the following sentence: "I heard William say it." Can you read the sentence now? I should say you could not, and my reason is, that you are not quite sure of its meaning. Let us see what that meaning is.

One person might mean that he had heard William say it, but that you had not. How would you read the sentence then? Another person might mean, "I am sure William said it, for I was there to hear him." How would you express that? Again, a third person might mean that he was sure George or John had not said it, but William. How would you read that?

We learn from this another reason why we must use great care in preparing our reading lesson. You see, if we do not, we shall not stop to consider just what the sentence means, and then in reading we shall not express the author's meaning. Let us try a few more examples. In each make up your mind just what you want to say, and then say it as if you meant it.

EXAMPLE 1.—"I like geography better than I do history." Now, if you have been talking to a friend about the studies you like best, and he has just said, "I like geography as well as I do history," how would you read the above example? Of course, you see that the main idea in your mind would be to tell him that you liked geography not only as well as,

but better than history. Well then, now you may read the example.

EXAMPLE 2.—“I should rather be a lawyer than a doctor.” Suppose in this case a friend has said, “My father wants me to be a doctor.” How would you then read the sentence?

EXAMPLE 3.—“Queen Victoria has reigned longer than any other monarch who ever sat upon the English throne.” Suppose you are telling this to your classmates, and that you have not been talking about Queen Victoria before, but you want only to give them a piece of information.

Let us remember, then, that every sentence has a principal, or, as we sometimes say, a central idea. We need be extremely careful to get that central idea, and if we have been, we notice that certain words will stand out very prominently in our reading. This is true because reading is just like speaking. If some one asks you where you are going, and you are going to school, what do you think of? You don't think of each word of your answer; you think only one idea—school. So you say, “I am going to school,” and you make the word “school” very prominent, or important. “School” is the central idea.

Until our next lesson I want you to study every sentence of every reading lesson, bearing in mind this very important fact regarding the central idea. Every sentence has such a central idea, and until you have found it you cannot read the sentence.

—S. H. Clark.

THE GENEROUS CLOUD.

"All things are beautiful to-night, except myself," said a dull, creeping mist, that hovered over a swamp. "The moon and the bright stars are beautiful; the hills, and the woods, and the rivers are beautiful; but how hideous *I* look! And what is my birth-place? A swamp, which men hate and avoid!" Thus bemoaning herself, the mist continued to creep sluggishly over the surface of the marsh.

Suddenly, an evening breeze came dancing over the hills, fresh and full of life. At his approach the mist began to rise, brightening as she rose, for the moon shone full upon her. The breeze then laid hold of her, and bore her swiftly on his wings far up into the sky; and she became a cloud.

Meanwhile the sun arose, and men looked forth from their cottages on the fields sparkling with dew; they looked also to the sky, and saw a glorious cloud sailing over the distant hills. "We may hope for rain to-day," they said; and went cheerfully to their labors.

The heat increased, and the men grew weary; the earth was hard and dry, and scarcely could their spades turn up the flinty soil. The Cloud meanwhile moved her beauty across the heavens, yet not with pride; for she remembered her lowly birthplace: she longed to prove her gratitude by doing good.

The weary men looked upward. "Would," they said, "that yonder cloud might bring us rain; for

the streams are dry, and our cattle are in need of water." "O that I could help you!" exclaimed the Cloud. Scarcely had she spoken when the breeze came back again, and, hastening toward the cloud, said to her, "Thy wish is heard; but art thou willing to become a sacrifice?"

The cloud hesitated for a moment. She thought of her beauty and freedom, floating to and fro in the clear sky, and reflecting the brightness of the sun. But again faint voices reached her from the earth: "We are perishing, we and our children and our cattle. O beauteous cloud, wilt thou not revive us?" "I am willing," said the cloud.

Forthwith the wind drew nigh, and drove her with haste across the heavens. Her beauty vanished: she became black and fearful to look upon; and her brother, the wind, roared behind her with a terrible voice. The loftiest trees bent under the tempest, and men hastened to their homes for shelter.

In a moment the wind was hushed. Lightning gleamed from the cloud; thunder was heard; and then a torrent of rain descended. The earth drank it in, the dry clods became soaked, and the thirsty fields revived.

Soon the sun broke forth, lighting the earth with beauty, and causing the rain-drops to glitter in his beams. Across the bosom of the cloud rested a beauteous rainbow, emblem of that love which made her willing to become *a sacrifice for the good of men*. And a sacrifice she was; for, as the sky grew more and more bright, she melted away, and was no more seen.

THE DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.

—William Wordsworth.

A SWIM FOR LIFE.

"The hunt is over, youngster. The deer must have taken to the hills. There is no use in watching longer."

This speech was welcome enough to Joe Benton, for he had stood on a rocky point on the shore of the lake, watching for the deer since daylight, and it was now nearly noon. Joe put his rifle into the skiff, and rowed toward the small island where the party of deer-hunters was encamped. The other hunters decided to spend the rest of the day in duck-shooting farther up the lake; but Joe was tired, and he offered to keep house while the others were away.

The early twilight was coming on, and Joe must have been dozing a little, when he was startled by hearing the baying of hounds. He ran down to the beach where his skiff was moored, and listened.

As he looked out on the lake he saw there a sight to gladden a hunter's eyes. Not a hundred yards away a huge buck was swimming along near the bank; but he had already seen the boy, and instead of striking out into the lake, he was skirting the shore, so as to avoid the island.

There was no time to be lost. Without going back to get his rifle, Joe jumped into his boat, and rowed so as to head off the deer from the land and drive him into the lake. The buck tossed his antlers, and

now started boldly towards the opposite shore of the lake. Joe could easily keep alongside; but how was he to kill his game? He wished for his Winchester rifle, which was standing in a corner of the hut with its chambers full of cartridges!

There was a way of killing a swimming deer which he had heard of, but had never tried. This was to drown it, by catching its hind legs and forcing its head below the surface.

Rowing close to the deer, he dropped his oars, and, as the animal gave a great plunge, he caught one of its hind legs with his right hand; but he could not reach the other leg.

The animal turned furiously upon its pursuer, and threw both front feet and half its body upon the gunwale. The little boat capsized, and Joe fell into the water.

In a moment he came to the surface, half-blinded by his sudden plunge. The boat was floating bottom up some yards away. Joe began to swim towards it.

An angry snort behind him caused him to turn his head. There, coming towards him, not ten feet away, was the buck, its eyes flashing angrily. Joe knew that an old buck when brought to bay sometimes shows fight. On land, deer are timid, shy creatures; but here the case was different. The buck was a much better swimmer than the boy, and seemed to know it.

Joe saw that the deer would be upon him before he could reach the boat. Just before the angry

creature reached him, he turned and dived, and took several rapid strokes under water. When he rose to the surface, he was close to the deer, and with a great effort, he flung himself upon the buck's back, and grasped its antlers.

Then began a struggle in the like of which Joe had never before taken part. The animal threw itself about furiously in its endeavor to get rid of its rider. But the boy had a strong hold with both hands and knees, and clung with desperate tenacity.

At first Joe enjoyed his wild ride. But he soon became exhausted. A few more struggles on the deer's part would compel him to let go. Fortunately the animal was also growing tired, and would need all its strength to reach the shore. But now a new danger arose. Suppose it should not have strength enough to carry him ashore? He himself felt unable to swim a dozen yards.

They were now not more than a quarter of a mile from land, but the buck was growing very weak. Joe slipped off its back, and holding himself up by placing one hand on its antlers, he swam alongside. They now made a little more headway. The deer made no effort to harm its companion in danger. Joe was dizzy and weak, but he could see the bank not more than a hundred yards away. Would they ever reach it? Every few yards the deer's head went under water, and it was evident that it could swim but little further with the boy's weight to support.

A feeling of pity made Joe let go the deer, and

the two swam slowly along, side by side. The boy's strength was almost gone and the water was gurgling in his ears, when he heard a shout behind him, and he was caught by a strong arm and drawn into a boat.

As Joe lay against the side of the boat, a man on the seat next him raised his rifle, but the boy struck up the barrel.

"The deer belongs to me if to anybody," he said, "and I want to let him go."

Joe's friends, the party of duck-hunters, looked at him with surprise; but no one offered to molest the buck, which climbed ashore and disappeared in the woods.

That evening, when Joe told his story, the general opinion was that he had done right.

"When Joe is telling of this day's work," said one old hunter, "to point to a pair of antlers would not be so good an ending to his story, as to say that he saved the life of the deer that towed him ashore."

THE BROOK SONG.

Little Brook! Little Brook!

You have such a happy look—

Such a very merry manner as you swerve and curve and
crook—

And your ripples, one and one,

Reach each other's hands and run,

Like laughing little children in the sun.

Little Brook, sing to me,
Sing about a bumble bee,
That tumbled from a lily-bell, and grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round and laughed
at him !

Little Brook—sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along,
Down the golden braided centre of your current swift and
strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing how—oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain,
Of your music in his brain,
Wrought a happiness as keen to him as pain.

Little Brook—laugh and leap !
Do not let the dreamer weep :
Sing him all the songs of summer till he sinks in softest sleep ;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago—
Sing back to him the rest he used to know.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow,
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood
to think ;

'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was
beginning to sink,

For he had been trying to do a great deed to make his people
glad,

He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and so he became
quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as man
could be ;

And after a while as he pondered there, "I'll give it all up,"
said he.

Now, just at the moment a spider dropped, with its silken
cobweb clew,

And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped to see what
the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome, and it hung by a rope
so fine,

That how it could get to its cobweb home King Bruce could
not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with strong
endeavor,

But down it came with a slipping sprawl, as near to the ground
as ever ;

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed, to utter the least
complaint,

Till it fell still lower, and there it lay, a little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went, and travelled a half-yard
higher,

'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below, but again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing will strive no more to climb,

When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more, ah me, 'tis an anxious minute,

He's only a foot from his cobweb door, oh, say will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run, at the very last pinch, put him into his native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out, "all honor to those who try,

The spider up there defied despair; he conquered, and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, and gossips tell the tale
That he tried once more as he tried before, and that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read, and beware of saying
"I can't,"

'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead to Idleness, Folly and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair of doing some goodly thing,

Con over this strain, try bravely again, and remember the Spider and King.

—Eliza Cook.

THE TRAVELED FROGS.

Forty miles apart, as the stork flies, stand the great cities of Ozaka and Kioto, in Japan. The one is a city of ditches and bridges; the other is a city of green hills set with flowers.

In the good old days long, long ago, there lived two frogs, one in a well in Kioto, the other in a pond in Ozaka.

Now it is a saying in Japan that the frog in the well knows not the ocean; and the Kioto frog had so often heard this said by the maids who came to draw water, that he made up his mind to go abroad and see the world and the ocean.

"I'll see for myself," said Mr. Frog, as he packed his bag and wiped his spectacles, "what this ocean is that they talk about. I don't believe it is half so deep as my well, where I can see the stars even in daylight."

The frog told his family of his plan. Mrs. Frog cried at first, to think of his going, but drying her eyes with her paper handkerchief, she tied up a little box full of boiled rice and snails for him to carry, and he took his staff and set out.

"Good-bye," he cried, with a tear in his eye, as he walked away.

"Good-bye; do not walk too fast," called Mrs. Frog and the children together.

Old Mr. Frog, being now on dry land, saw that the other animals did not leap, but walked, and not

wishing to be laughed at, he, too, began to walk upright on his hind legs.

Now it happened about this time that the frog in Ozaka, by the ocean, had become tired of his life on the edge of the lotus-flowered pond.

"Alas! this dull life," said he. "If out of the mud can come the lovely lotus, why shouldn't a frog become a man? If my son should go abroad and see the world, why shouldn't he be as wise as anybody? I'll try it. I'll send my son to Kioto at once."

Well, you must know that the old frog from Kioto and the young frog from Ozaka each started from his own home the same day, and by and by they met on a hill half way between the two cities.

Both were footsore and very tired, because of their unfroglike manner of walking, for the young frog had also thought best to walk like other travellers he met.

"Good morning," said the young frog to the old one, falling on all fours, and bowing his head to the ground three times, as the young should always meet the old.

"Good day," said the old frog. "I am from the well of Kioto. I started out to see the ocean at Ozaka, but I am so tired that I think I'll give it up and just take a look from this hill."

"I am from the lotus-pond of Ozaka," said the young frog, "and I set out to see the city of Kioto."

"Well," said the old frog, wiping his face, "suppose we save ourselves the trouble of this long walk. This hill is half way between the two cities.

If we look from here, I can see Ozaka and this ocean they talk about, and you can see Kioto and the hills."

"Happy thought!" cried the young frog.

Then they both stood up on their hind legs, and stretching upon their toes, held each other up, rolled their goggle eyes, and looked, as they supposed, at the places they wished to see.

Now, as every one knows, a frog's eyes are in front when his head is down, and behind when he stands up, so each was really looking back upon his own town instead of ahead upon the other town.

Long and carefully they looked, until their legs and toes were so tired that they dropped down again upon all fours.

"Dear me," said the old frog. "For all that I can see, Ozaka looks just like Kioto, and as for the ocean, I did not see any. I don't believe there is any ocean."

"For my part," said the young frog, "I shall not go any farther, for I see that Kioto is as like Ozaka as one grain of rice is like another."

Thereupon each said he was glad he had not taken a longer walk all for nothing, and after shaking hands and exchanging many compliments, the two took leave of each other.

Dropping again into a frog's hop, they leaped back in half the time they had taken to walk, the one to his well, and the other to his ditch, each sure that he had seen the world and learned a great deal about it.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered in the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, which shelter'd you
and me, [know,
But none were there to greet me, Tom, and few were left to
That play'd with us upon the green, some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom,—barefooted boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay ;
But master sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is alter'd now, the benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same our pen-knives had defaced ;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and
fro,—
Its music just the same, dear Tom, as twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading
beech,
Is very low,—'twas once so high that we could almost reach ;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how much that I had changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon the elm, you know I cut your name,—
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,—and you did mine
the same ; [but slow,
Some heartless wretch hath peel'd the bark—'twas dying sure,
Just as the one whose name we cut, died twenty years ago.

My eyelids had been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes,
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties ;
I visited the old churchyard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some twenty years ago.

And some are in the churchyard laid—some sleep beneath the
sea,

But few are left of all our class, excepting you and me ;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we play'd just twenty years ago.

—Anonymous.

READING LESSON VII.

If your class were to have a contest with another class, let us say in spelling, and your class were to come out victorious, you would, no doubt, feel very joyful over the result. Now, let us suppose that after the victory one of the members of the class should get up on his seat and wave his hand above his head, crying: "Three cheers for our class!" Would there be any difference between the way in which he spoke those words and the way in which he would read the same words if they came in a sentence like this: "If we win I shall give three cheers for our class."

Of course, you will see at once that there would be a great deal of difference. In the first place, he would be very joyful, and perhaps excited, and this joy and excitement would get into his voice, and he would call out, "Three cheers for our class," with a great deal of feeling, or emotion; and everybody would see at once just how rejoiced he was. Now, what is it that causes that feeling, or emotion? I do not think that there will be much difficulty in

answering this question. He was very much excited before the spelling contest came off, and now that it has been decided in your favor, there is a feeling of great joy that comes over the whole body, and it is almost impossible to keep back the expression of that joy. In other words, he has been moved.

I want to impress now upon you that as you go on with your study of reading, you will find that there is a great deal of emotion in many of the passages you will be called upon to read, and the only way to discover what the emotion is, must be by getting a very clear picture. But remember that the picture itself is not very likely to move you unless you enter into the spirit of the picture just as you entered into the spirit of the spelling contest. Do you see what I mean? One might say the words, "Three cheers for our class," and not express very much emotion. One might have a very clear picture of the whole spelling match, and yet not be very much moved. But if you close your eyes and let the picture get hold of you, I think there will be no trouble about the emotion. Let me see whether I can make clear to you what I mean by letting the picture get hold of you.

Suppose we take this line from one of the extracts in your book, "Wolsey on His Fall":—"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!" Who speaks those words? is the first question. The answer is: An old man who has been for years one of the leading men in the court of Henry VIII. He has used every effort to gain great power, and has forgotten

his God, and now at last the king has cast him off. Just after Wolsey has been informed of his loss of power, he utters the words that I quoted above. Just think how much these words mean to this poor man. Think how much he must suffer, and then try to feel as much as you can what it would mean to you if everything you had hoped for and struggled for were to be taken away from you. Of course, I know that you have not been so ambitious as Wolsey, but yet I think you will have no trouble in imagining just how you would feel if everything you cared for were to be taken away from you. Well, this is all that you need feel in order to read with emotion the lines of Wolsey. Just think this over for a few minutes, and then see how much regret you can feel as you utter these words. Be sure that you get the meaning of the words; be sure you get hold of the picture; try to imagine just how you would feel if you were very sadly disappointed, and then utter the words of Wolsey.

This, then, is what I mean by telling you to let the picture get hold of you. When you were rejoiced over the result of the spelling contest, joy possessed you. When Wolsey learned of his fall, sorrow and regret possessed him. So with all emotions. You must think over the whole story; you must think over all the events connected with it until you really feel somewhat as the speaker felt whose words you are reading. Then there will be no trouble about the expression.

—S. H. Clark.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there ;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads ;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap ;
When out in the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted and called them by name ;
"Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! and Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donner and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away all !"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky ;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—

As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dress'd all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled ! his dimples—how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry !
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;
The stump of his pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath ;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laugh'd like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, and a right jolly old elf,
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself ;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread ;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose ;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night !”

So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power ;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

THE HORATII.

It is more than twenty-five hundred years ago. The Albans are at war with Rome. The armies have come face to face, and wait the order to engage in battle. In numbers and skill of arms the opposing forces are equal. They are equal, too, in courage and determination. Everything points to a hard and bitter struggle—all the more bitter, perhaps, because the two nations are bound together by many marriage ties.

The days pass by, and yet no order has been given. The soldiers are becoming impatient, and it is whispered that the leaders are afraid. At last one morning a single horseman dashes outward from the spears of Rome. It is the king, and he carries in his hand an olive branch. The Alban general rides forth to meet him bearing nothing but a simple shield.

If you could draw near them, you would hear the Roman thus address his foe: "My noble enemy! Our armies now are ready to advance. We both well know that neither will recede, but having taken ground, will stand or die. Then, why court death for all our noble sons, and bring black misery to our happy homes, if peace can be arranged without a struggle? Let us not all fight, but rather let us choose from out our number three from either side, and let the victory go to him whose three shall win."

To this the Alban chief replies: "Most noble King of Rome! Your words are wise, and as you say, so let it be. To-morrow, at this time, we shall settle our long quarrel."

Now there is rivalry among the warriors of either side, for all covet the honor of engaging in the conflict. At last three Roman brothers—the Horatii—are chosen. Their father, when he hears of it, offers thanks to his gods that his children are selected; the mother weeps to think her sons are worthy of such honor. The Albans, no less brave, have named three brothers—the Curiatii—warriors noted for their courage and their skill.

At the appointed hour the six go forth between the armies of the contending powers, while cheers and counter-cheers are given to nerve the heroes for the fight.

But what is this! Instead of fighting they lay down their weapons and embrace. The six are children of twin sisters, and have been, since childhood, closest friends.

And now they have unclasped, and buckling on their armor, wait the signal to begin. The bugles sound, the bright swords flash, and steel meets steel. The struggle has begun.

The minutes pass; the six still hold their ground. The shields have warded many a stroke, but now and then a bloody thrust is given. See now, the Roman has forced the Alban to his knee; but see again, the brother Roman totters and grows faint! Was ever war so equal?

At last two of the Romans fall. A cheer goes up from all the Alban host, and many Romans turn away their eyes. The king is pale and sad; the father hides his eyes; a low and bitter wail is heard throughout the disappointed host, for how can one face three?

But now Horatius sees how matters stand. The three are wounded while he still is fresh. Like lightning flash, he turns as if to flee, while cries of "Coward" rend the air. Yet, look! he turns again upon his foes, who have been separated by his ruse. He rushes on the first, who falls an easy victim; the second coming to the rescue meets the same hard fate; the third, now weak from loss of blood, can offer no defence. Horatius thrusts the bloody sword-point to his heart, and cries: "Thus perish every enemy of Rome."

Then the Roman army, wild with joy, flock round him, and with shouts and clapping bear him from the field. The Alban chief presents his sword to Tullus, King of Rome.

AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh :
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ’twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke.
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

—Robert Southey.

But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done.

—Mackay.

CONQUEST OF PERU.

Many years ago there lived in Peru, that country so rich in minerals that it was called the "land of gold," a very peculiar people ruled over by an Inca. These people were very clever in many ways. They knew how to build beautiful houses and temples, and strong bridges, and they could weave fine cloths, and do exquisite work in bronze and silver and gold. Yet, they had no written language, and kept all their accounts, and recorded their history by means of knotted cords. They worshipped the sun, as the Mexicans did, and their Incas they believed to be the children of the sun. Everything in the land belonged to the Inca. There was no money, no private property. Every year the lands were proportioned out to the people, and so were the animals and the produce of the soil.

The people seem to have lived very peaceably, like one large family, until one of their Incas died, leaving the greater part of his kingdom to Atahualpa, a favorite younger son, when, by right of birth, it should have gone to the elder one, Huascar. Then a civil war broke out. The Spaniards heard of this war and thought it would be a good time to invade Peru, and conquer it for themselves.

The first Spanish captain to set out was Francisco Pizarro, an ignorant man of low birth, but greedy

for gold and ambitious for power. In 1530 he commenced his long and dangerous journey towards Cuzco, the capital of Peru. When still at some distance from the city he met Atahualpa, on his way back, after having defeated and killed his brother Huascar. Messengers were sent from Pizarro to the Inca, who received them kindly, and sent them back with costly gifts, and a promise that he would visit their leader on the morrow.

He came, wearing the famous royal head-dress of the Incas, and borne on a magnificent litter, plated with gold and silver, and adorned with paroquet feathers. With him came a body-guard of five thousand men, apparently unarmed. Pizarro, not at all alarmed by the size of the Inca's army, immediately demanded that the Peruvians should at once give up their country and their religion. Of course the Inca refused, and without a moment's warning, the Spaniards, uttering their terrible war-cry, rushed on the unarmed Peruvians. Owing to the suddenness of the attack, hundreds of them were killed, while not a Spaniard was so much as wounded. Those who carried the litter were all slain, and the Inca was taken prisoner.

As soon as the people knew that their ruler had been captured they gave up everything. We, to-day, cannot understand why the eleven millions of people, who then lived in Peru, did not at once rise and destroy the few hundred plunderers who had come upon them. They do not seem to have lacked in courage, but without a leader they were perfectly

helpless. Atahualpa was at last promised his freedom in return for a large ransom. However, after receiving the amount promised, the Spaniards did not keep their word, and the unfortunate Inca suffered a cruel death.

After this conquest by Pizarro, the Peruvians were too disheartened to make any further resistance, and Spain ruled Peru for nearly three hundred years.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?"
"Oh ! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,

“I'll go, my chief—I'm ready :

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady :

“And, by my word ! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry ;

So, though the waves are raging white,

I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking ;

And, in the scowl of heaven, each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,

“Though tempests round us gather,

I'll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her—

When, oh ! too strong for human hand,

The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing ;

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—

His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried, in grief,
"Across this stormy water ;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !—Oh ! my daughter !"

"Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

—*Thomas Campbell.*

THE BLUE JAY.

Said Jim Baker, "There's more to a bluejay than to any other creature. He has more kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a bluejay feels, he can put into words. No common words either, but out-and-out book-talk. You never see a jay at a loss for a word.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, because he has feathers on him. Otherwise he is just as human as you are.

"Yes, sir; a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can laugh, a jay can gossip, a jay can feel ashamed, just as well as you do, may be better. And there's another thing: in good, clean, out and out scolding, a bluejay can beat anything alive.

"Seven years ago the last man about here but me moved away. There stands his house—a log house with just one big room and no more: no ceiling, nothing between the rafters and the floor.

"Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, when a bluejay flew down on that house with an acorn in his mouth.

"‘Hello,’ says he, ‘I reckon here’s something.’ When he spoke the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down the roof. He didn’t care; his mind was on the thing he had found.

"It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and put the other to the hole, like a possum looking down a jug.

"Then he looked up, gave a wink or two with his wings, and says, ‘It looks like a hole, it’s placed like a hole—and—if I don’t think it is a hole!’

"Then he cocked his head down and took another look. He looked up with joy, this time winked his wings and his tail both, and says, ‘If I ain’t in luck! Why, it’s an elegant hole!’

"So he flew down and got that acorn and dropped it in, and was tilting his head back with a smile when a queer look of surprise came over his face. Then he says, ‘Why, I didn’t hear it fall.’

"He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; rose up and shook his head; went to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. No use.

"So, after thinking awhile, he says, 'I reckon it's all right. I'll try it, any way.'

"So he flew off and brought another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to get his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it. He was too late. He got another acorn and tried to see where it went, but he couldn't.

"He says, 'Well, I never saw such a hole as this before. I reckon it's a new kind.' Then he got angry and walked up and down the roof. I never saw a bird take on so.

"When he got through he looked in the hole for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a queer hole, but I have started to fill you, and I'll do it if it takes a hundred years.'

"And with that away he went. For two hours and a half you never saw a bird work so hard. He did not stop to look in any more, but just w acorns in and went for more.

"Well, at last he could hardly flap his wings he was so tired out. So he bent down for a look. He looked up, pale with rage. He says, 'I've put in enough acorns to keep the family thirty years, and I can't see a sign of them.'

"Another jay was going by and heard him. So he stopped to ask what was the matter. Our jay told him the whole story. Then he went and looked down the hole and came back and said, 'How many tons did you put in there?'

"'Not less than two,' said our jay.

"The other jay looked again, but could not make it out; so he gave a yell and three more jays came. They all talked at once for awhile, and then called in more jays.

"Pretty soon the air was blue with jays, and every jay put his eye to the hole and told what he thought. They looked the house all over, too. The door was partly open, and at last one old jay happened to look in. There lay the acorns all over the floor.

"He flapped his wings and gave a yell, 'Come here, everybody! Ha! ha! He's been trying to fill a house with acorns.'

"As each jay took a look, the fun of the thing struck him, and how he did laugh. And for an hour after they roosted on the housetop and trees, and laughed like human beings.

"It isn't any use to tell me a blue-jay hasn't any fun in him. I know better."

—Adapted from Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain).

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! Ye have called me long.
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening, as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from their forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky ;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Away from the dwelling of care-worn men !
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen.
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth !
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth.
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

—Mrs. Hemans.



READING LESSON VIII.

In our last lesson we had examples in which you were to put yourself in somebody else's place, feel his emotions, and then speak the words as if you were he. In this lesson we are to deal with the same thing, emotion. But not the emotion of another: our own emotion. Let me tell you a story:

The other day, a little child came to its mother, saying, "Oh mother! I just saw a beautiful toy in the window: I wish you would buy it for me." *The sweet voice was full of pleading.* The mother was very poor, and hardly earned enough to pay for fuel. *How could she spare even the few pennies for the toy?* But, she said to herself, "This is Christmas time;" and the tears came into her eyes. The little one saw the tears, and said: "What are you crying for, mother?" *And then the mother hugged her child to her breast, and kissed her again and again, saying over and over,* "Because I love you! Because I love you!"

When Christmas morning dawned the little toy was on the mantel and the child was happy. But when the time for breakfast came the child asked her mother why she did not eat; and the mother answered, "I'm not hungry, darling; don't mind me," and she smiled tenderly on the sweet face, upturned to kiss her.

After you have read this simple tale two or three times, I think you will begin to feel some sympathy with the loving mother who would do without her

food to give joy to her little child. When you read the sentences I have put in italics, if you have really tried to see the pictures, I am sure you will feel some sympathy that will make your reading so different from the reading of, let us say, the first sentence in this lesson. Take the line, "The sweet voice was full of pleading." Can't you imagine some sweet child-voice pleading for the toy? Well, then, listen to that voice, and after you have, then read, "The sweet voice was full of pleading." You will find that your voice will be so full of sympathy that it will say not only the words, but also will express love, and tenderness, and sympathy. You will think, perhaps, some such thought as, "She was such a lovely child, and she wanted the toy so much. It made me feel sorry to hear her ask for it." There is another sentence in italics that I want you to think about. When you read, "And the tears came into her eyes," can you not feel something of the sadness of that mother, as she thinks how much she would like to buy the toy, and yet there is nothing to buy it with? When you express your feeling, your voice will say, "And the mother's heart was sad when she thought that her darling could have no little gift at Christmas, when it seemed everyone should be made happy. How disappointed the sweet one would be when she found out how many toys her playmates had while she had not one!" All these thoughts will run through your mind, if you will only think about this scene long enough, and then your voice will express that

sympathy with the picture you are describing without which you can never be a good reader. Let us then close this lesson by reminding you that the best way to develop our feelings as we read is through sympathy, sympathy, sympathy.

There are several other phrases and sentences in this story that I want you to study systematically for to-morrow's lesson. Then, after you have grasped the idea of this lesson, be sure, in every selection you read hereafter, that you do not fail to pay particular attention to sympathy.

—S. H. Clark.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,

When our mother Nature laughs around—

And even the deep blue heavens look glad,

And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,

And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;

The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,

And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,

And their shadows at play in the bright green vale,

And here they stretch to the frolic chase,

And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower,

There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,

There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,

And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE HORSE THAT ACCUSED HIS MASTER.

About three hundred years ago there lived in one of the rich old Baltic seaports of Germany a wealthy merchant, whose name was Hasselt. He had a large number of ships that sailed to many ports in different parts of the world, and carried in their holds goods of every kind.

Mr. Hasselt lived in a large and splendid house, the walls of which were hung with tapestry, the floors covered with the softest carpets, and the rooms filled with the most valuable paintings and carvings. His stables were filled with a large number of horses; but there was one gray horse of great speed, and this horse was his master's favorite. His name was Windswift; and there was no horse in all Germany, his master thought, that could outrun him.

One day the merchant was riding through a dense forest, when he was suddenly attacked by three highwaymen. One of the robbers seized his horse's rein, another was making at him with his sword, and the third barred the way with a long spear.

One word to the gallant gray, and he shook himself free from the robber who held the rein, knocked over the second, and galloped past the spearman. He fled with the swiftness of the wind till he brought his master safe within the gates of the city. There, at the door of his master's house, he stood, white with foam, as if he had galloped through a snow-

storm, breathing hard, panting, trembling, but happy that he had saved the life of his dear master.

The merchant stroked and patted his brave horse, and spoke many words of gratitude and kindness to him. "Good horse! Brave horse!" he cried, "you shall never be worked hard all your life; and you shall have three feeds of corn every day, as long as you live!"

But, by this terrible ride, the horse had over-heated himself very much; and he caught a severe chill. In a short time his joints grew stiff, and one of his legs became lame. His master was very busy, working hard in his office, or running down to the port to look after his ships; and he, unfortunately, did not find time to look after his old friend the gray steed.

So Windswift was left to the servants; and the groom forgot to give him his three feeds of corn, or thought it was too much for him. So in time he came down to only one meal a day. Not long after, the poor horse became blind; and his master had to choose another horse to ride. Thus in time it came about that the merchant gradually thought less and less of the friend who had saved his life.

At last the merchant forgot him altogether; and the groom and stable-boys began to think it a trouble to look after this poor, old, worn-out and useless beast. One day the groom went to his master and asked what should be done with an old horse that was fit for nothing. "O! sell him!" said the busy merchant, without looking up from his desk.

The groom tried to sell him; but he found that

no one would purchase an old, lame, and blind horse. Then he went again to his master, and again asked what should be done with an old horse that was fit for nothing. "Do what you like!" replied the merchant, who was busier than ever, and could not be troubled to think at that moment.

So the groom took a thick cudgel and drove the faithful old horse out of the stable. Seven long hours did the poor animal stand by the stable-door, his head drooping, and his whole appearance showing the deepest sadness; and there, too, he passed the night, upon hard stones, all in the cold and the snow.

In the morning he went stumbling and groping about for any food that he might find, smelling on this side and on the other. At last he made his way into the heart of the town, to a square, in the middle of which stood a high belfry-tower.

Now this belfry-tower had been built by a man who loved right and justice; and he had built it at his own cost, so that if any person had suffered wrong from his neighbor, he might go to the tower, seize the rope, ring the bell, and call the magistrates of the town together to try his case.

As luck would have it, the poor horse made his way into this belfry-tower; and he kept smelling about for something to eat. In the course of smelling and sniffing about, he got hold of the bell-rope with his teeth. Thinking it might be something good to eat, he pulled at the rope; and the bell began to ring.

Upon this, the magistrates hastened from their houses and their places of business, and went to the belfry-tower. Here they saw no man—nothing but an old blind horse.

“What is the meaning of this?” said one; and they all looked astonished at each other. At length one of the magistrates said: “Oh! I remember! This is the old gray horse of Merchant Hasselt—the horse that saved his life. He has been turned out of house and home; and, as it seems to my dull wits, I fancy he must have come to the tower to ask for justice.”

“And justice he shall have!” cried the rest of the magistrates. So they ordered Mr. Hasselt to be brought before them. The busy merchant was thunder-struck when he saw his poor old friend standing by the bell-rope—standing before his brother-merchants in the place of the accuser.

He was struck to the heart. His conscience, which had long been asleep, now began to accuse him in sharpest and bitterest tones. He tried to make excuses to the magistrates; but they, who had long known the story how the gallant gray had saved his master's life, would not allow him to go on—and would not so much as give him a hearing.

“Master Hasselt,” said the chief magistrate, “you shall yourself lead back your faithful horse to his stable; you shall feed, nurse, and tend him so long as he lives; and all this you shall do in the most faithful manner—on penalty of being called upon to pay a heavy fine!”

That the story might not be forgotten, and that the young citizens of the place—both boys and girls—should learn how black a thing ingratitude is, and should know that we ought to keep faith even with animals that cannot speak—the magistrates ordered a marble tablet to be placed on the tower and the story of the merchant and the horse to be engraved upon the marble. And there it stands to this very day—for the help of dumb animals, and for the comfort and encouragement of all good men.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I am monarch of all I survey ;
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove
 How soon would I taste you again.
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more ;
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace
 And reconciles man to his lot.

—William Cowper.

AN APRIL DAY.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fulness down ;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove, and town.
There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature :
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature ;
Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing ;
I could have half-believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound ;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.
For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth ; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs ;
That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing ;
Even now, upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

Down, down they come,—those fruitful stores !
Those earth-rejoicing drops !

A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops ;
And, ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo ! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.
But yet behold ! abrupt and loud
Comes down the glittering rain :
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

—Chaucer.

HOW THE MOUNTAIN WAS CLAD.

There was a deep gorge between two mountains. Through this gorge a large full stream flowed heavily over a rough and stony bottom. Both sides were high and steep, and one side was bare ; but close to its foot, and so near the stream that the latter sprinkled it with moisture every spring and autumn, stood a group of fresh-looking trees gazing upward and onward, yet unable to advance this way or that.

“What if we should clothe the mountain,” said Juniper one day to the foreign oak, to which it stood nearer than all others. The oak looked down to find out who it was that spoke, and then it looked up again without deigning a reply. The river rushed along so violently that it worked itself into a white foam ; the north wind forced its way through the gorge, and shrieked in the clefts of the rocks ; the

naked mountain, with its great weight, hung heavily over and felt cold. "What if we should clothe the mountain," said the juniper to the fir on the other side. "If anybody is to do it I suppose it must be we," said the fir, taking hold of its beard and glancing toward the birch. "What do you think?" But the birch peered cautiously up the mountain, which hung over it so threateningly that it seemed as if it could scarcely breathe. "Let us clothe it in God's name!" said the birch. And so, though there were but these three, they undertook to clothe the mountain. The juniper went first.

When they had gone a little way they met the heather. The juniper seemed as though about to pass it. "Nay, take the heather along," said the fir. And the heather joined them. Soon it began to glide on before the juniper. "Catch hold of me," said the heather. The juniper did so, and where there was only a wee crevice the heather thrust in a finger, and where it first had placed a finger, the juniper took hold with its whole hand. They crawled and crept along, the fir laboring on behind, the birch also. "This is well worth doing," said the birch.

But the mountain began to ponder on what manner of insignificant objects these might be that were clambering up over it. And after it had been considering the matter a few hundred years, it sent a little brook down to inquire. It was yet in the time of the spring freshets, and the brook stole on until it reached the heather. "Dear, dear heather, cannot

you let me pass? I am so small." The heather was very busy; only raised itself a little and pressed onward. In, under, and onward went the brook. "Dear, dear juniper, cannot you let me pass? I am so small." The juniper looked sharply at it; but if the heather had let it pass, why, in all reason, it must do so too. Under it and onward went the brook; and now came to the spot where the fir stood puffing on the hill-side. "Dear, dear fir, cannot you let me pass? I am really so small," said the brook, and it kissed the fir's feet and made itself so very sweet. The fir became bashful at this, and let it pass, but the birch raised itself before the brook asked it: "Hi, hi, hi!" said the birch, and grew. "Ha, ha, ha!" said the brook, and grew. "Ho, ho, ho!" said the brook, and flung the heather and the juniper and the fir and the birch flat on their faces and backs, up and down these great hills. The mountain sat up for many hundred years musing on whether it had not smiled a little that day.

It was plain enough the mountain did not want to be clad. The heather fretted over this until it grew green again, and then started forward. "Fresh courage!" said the heather.

The juniper had half raised itself to look at the heather, and continued to keep this position, until at length it stood upright. It scratched its head, and set forth again, taking such a vigorous foothold that seemed as though the mountain must feel it. "If you will not have me then I will have you." The fir crooked its toes a little to find out whether

they were whole, then lifted one foot, found it whole, then the other, which proved also to be whole, then both of them. It first investigated the ground it had been over; next, where it had been lying, and, finally, where it should go. After this, it began to wend its way slowly along, and acted as though it had never fallen. The birch had become most wretchedly soiled, but now rose up and made itself tidy. Then they sped onward, faster and faster upward, and on either side in sunshine and in rain. "What in the world can this be," said the mountain all glittering with dew, as the summer sun shone down on it. The birds sang, the wood-mouse piped, the hare hopped along, and the ermine hid itself and screamed.

Then the day came when the heather could peep with one eye over the edge of the mountain. "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear," said the heather, and away it went. "Dear me! what is it the heather sees?" said the juniper, and moved on until it could peer up. "Oh dear, oh dear!" it shrieked, and was gone. "What's the the matter with the juniper to-day?" said the fir, and took long strides onward in the heat of the sun. Soon it could raise itself on its toes and peep up. "Oh dear!" Branches and needles stood on end in wonderment. It worked its way forward, came up, and was gone. "What is it all the others see, and not I?" said the birch; and lifting well its skirts it tripped after. It stretched its whole head up at once. "Oh—oh—is not here a great forest of fir and heather, of juniper and

birch standing on the tableland waiting for us?" said the birch; and its leaves quivered in the sunshine so that the dew trembled. "Ay, this is what it is to reach the goal!" said the juniper.

—*Bjornstjerne.*

THE RAPID.

All peacefully gliding, the waters dividing,
 The indolent bateau moved slowly along;
 The rowers, light-hearted, from sorrow long parted,
 Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
 "Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
 Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
 Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
 Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

More swiftly careering, the wild Rapid nearing,
 They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
 The surges delight them, no terrors affright them,
 Their voices keep pace with their quickening speed:
 "Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily
 Shivers its arrows against us in play;
 Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
 Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they re dashing, each fearless eye flashing,
 Though danger awaits them on every side;
 Yon rock—see it frowning! they strike—they are drowning!
 But downward they speed with the merciless tide.
 No voice cheers the Rapid, that angrily, angrily
 Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
 Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
 Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

—*Charles Sangster.*

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.

Many hundred years ago there lived in the north of Africa a poor Roman slave called Androcles. His master held great power and authority in the country, but he was a hard, cruel man, and his slaves led a very unhappy life. They had little to eat, had to work hard, and were often punished and tortured if they failed to satisfy the master's caprices. For long Androcles had borne with the hardships of his life, but at last he could bear it no longer, and he made up his mind to run away. He knew that it was a great risk, for he had no friends in that foreign country with whom he could seek safety and protection; and he was aware that if he was overtaken and caught he would be put to a cruel death. But even death, he thought, would not be so hard as the life he now led, and it was possible that he might escape to the sea-coast, and somehow some day get back to Rome and find a kinder master.

So he waited till the old moon had waned to a tiny gold thread in the skies, and then, one dark night, he slipped out of his master's house, and, creeping through the deserted forum and along the silent town, he passed out of the city into the vineyards and cornfields lying outside the walls. In the cool night air he walked rapidly. From time to time he was startled by the sudden barking of a dog, or the sound of voices coming from some late revellers in the villas which stood beside the road along which he hurried. But as he got further into

the country these sounds ceased, and there was silence and darkness all round him. When the sun rose he had already gone many miles away from the town in which he had been so miserable. But now a new terror oppressed him—the terror of great loneliness. He had got into a wild, barren country, where there was no sign of human habitation. A thick growth of low trees and thorny mimosa bushes spread out before him, and as he tried to thread his way through them he was severely scratched, and his scant garments torn by the long thorns. Besides, the sun was very hot, and the trees were not high enough to afford him any shade. He was worn out with hunger and fatigue, and he longed to lie down and rest. But to lie down in the fierce sun would have meant death, and he struggled on, hoping to find some wild berries to eat, and some water to quench his thirst. But when he came out of the scrub-wood, he found he was as badly off as before. A long, low line of rocky cliffs rose before him, but there were no houses, and he saw no hope of finding food. He was so tired that he could not wander further, and seeing a cave which looked cool and dark in the side of the cliffs, he crept into it, and, stretching his tired limbs on the sandy floor, fell fast asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by a noise that made his blood run cold. The roar of a wild beast sounded in his ears, and as he started trembling and in terror to his feet, he beheld a huge, tawny lion, with great glistening white teeth, standing in the entrance of

the cave. It was impossible to fly, for the lion barred the way. Immovable with fear, Androcles stood rooted to the spot, waiting for the monster to spring on him and tear him limb from limb.

But the lion did not move. Making a low moan as if in great pain, it stood licking its huge paw, from which Androcles now saw that blood was flowing freely. Seeing the poor animal in such pain, and noticing how gentle it seemed, Androcles forgot his own terror and slowly approached the lion, who held up his paw as if asking the man to help it. Then Androcles saw that a huge thorn had entered the paw, making a deep cut, and causing great pain and swelling. Swiftly but firmly he drew the thorn out, and pressed the swelling to try to stop the flowing blood. Relieved of the pain, the lion quietly lay down at Androcles' feet, slowly moving his great bushy tail from side to side as a dog does when it feels happy and comfortable.

From that moment Androcles and the lion became devoted friends. After lying for a little while at his feet, licking the poor wounded paw, the lion got up and limped out of the cave. A few minutes later it returned with a little dead rabbit in its mouth, which it put down on the floor of the cave beside Androcles. The poor man, who was starving with hunger, cooked the rabbit somehow, and ate it. In the evening, led by the lion, he found a place where there was a spring, at which he quenched his dreadful thirst.

And so for three years Androcles and the lion

lived together in the cave; wandering about the woods together by day, sleeping together at night. For in summer the cave was cooler than the woods, and in winter it was warmer.

At last the longing in Androcles' heart to live once more with his fellow-men became so great that he felt he could remain in the woods no longer, but that he must return to a town, and take his chance of being caught and killed as a runaway slave. And so one morning he left the cave, and wandered away in the direction where he thought the sea and the large towns lay. But in a few days he was captured by a band of soldiers, who were patrolling the country in search of fugitive slaves, and he was put in chains and sent as a prisoner to Rome.

Here he was cast into prison and tried for the crime of having run away from his master. He was condemned as a punishment to be torn to pieces by wild beasts on the first public holiday, in the great circus at Rome.

When the day arrived, Androcles was brought out of his prison, dressed in a simple, short tunic, and with a scarf round his right arm. He was given a lance with which to defend himself—a forlorn hope—as he knew that he had to fight with a powerful lion which had been kept without food for some days to make it more savage and bloodthirsty. As he stepped into the arena of the huge circus, above the sound of the voices of thousands on thousands of spectators, he could hear the savage roar of the wild beasts from their cages below the floor on which he stood.

Suddenly the silence of expectation fell on the spectators, for a signal had been given, and the cage containing the lion with which Androcles had to fight had been shot up into the arena from the floor below. A moment later, with a fierce spring and a savage roar, the great animal had sprung out of its cage into the arena, and with a bound had rushed at the spot where Androcles stood trembling. But suddenly, as he saw Androcles, the lion stood still, wondering. Then, quickly, but quietly it approached him, and gently moved its tail and licked the man's hands, and fawned upon him like a great dog. And Androcles patted the lion's head, and gave a sob of recognition, for he knew that it was his own lion, with whom he had lived and lodged all those months and years.

And seeing this strange and wonderful meeting between the man and the wild beast, all the people marvelled, and the emperor, from his high seat above the arena, sent for Androcles, and bade him tell his story and explain this mystery. And the emperor was so delighted with the story, that he said Androcles was to be released and to be made a free man from that hour. And he rewarded him with money, and ordered that the lion was to belong to him, and to accompany him wherever he went.

And when the people in Rome met Androcles walking, followed by his faithful lion, they used to point at them and say, "That is the lion, the guest of the man, and that is the man, the doctor of the lion."

—Andrew Lang.

READING LESSON IX.

Have you not noticed how much brighter the sunlight seems to be after a thunder-shower? how keenly we enjoy a victory after defeat seems certain? Why is this? Because the clouds by their blackness make us appreciate the sunlight; and the fear of losing the contest makes us doubly glad when we win. If we had sunshine all the time how monotonous it would be, and how little we should notice it! And you must see that, if the other side in a contest were very weak, we should not derive much pleasure from the outcome. All nature is full of these contrasts: joy and sorrow, light and darkness, success and failure, are always round us. So literature, which deals with nature, contains these contrasts, too.

In literature, the contrast is used to impress upon us some idea or picture more completely than could be done by merely describing it. This is done by placing before us the idea and its opposite: it is like placing a dark screen behind a white marble statue. This being so, we can easily see how necessary it is for us to recognize these contrasts in order that we may present them with our voices to the listeners.

Let us take a few simple examples. Our grandparents tell us that it took them sixty days to cross the ocean from England to America; and now, we know, it takes but six. The best way to show how

great an advance this century has made in boat-building would be by contrasting the past and the present. We might say: "It took my grandparents sixty days, in a sailing vessel, to cross the ocean, but now we go by steam in six."

Again: "Last week I was sleighing and skating in Winnipeg; but to-day I am plucking violets and japonicas in the gardens of Savannah."

In both examples you observe that the concluding idea of the sentence is made more striking because of the contrast it makes with the first part. Be sure to bear this in mind. A contrast is made up of two ideas, and you must have both of them in mind or your reading will be a failure. Do you not see that this is true? If you were to say, "I am plucking violets in Savannah to-day," there would be very little emotion shown in your voice: you would be making just an ordinary statement. But if you were thinking of the great change you had made, how strange it was that you should be in the midst of winter one day, and in the midst of spring the next, then the contrast would be such a pleasant one that your voice would be full of joy, and your joy would be largely the result of the contrast. If you had violets all the year round, perhaps you would hardly notice them.

Here are two more examples of contrast, more difficult to express, but more beautiful than the others.

Imagine a noble warrior whose whole life is devoted to good deeds. Imagine him as he speaks the

following words descriptive of the old-time tournament. Then imagine how grateful he would feel for the relief after the fierce struggle, a relief so beautifully described by the author:

“My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel.
 They reel, they roll, in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.”

“*Sir Galahad.*”—TENNYSON.

In this next example, we have the picture of a king, who is punished for his pride by being deprived of all his power, wealth, and friends. See what a powerful contrast he makes as he, who should be master, rides in mock state amid the spendor of his courtiers. The word “he” in the first line does not refer to the king, but to another.

“Then he departed with them o'er the sea,
 Into the lovely land of Italy,
 Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
 With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
 Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
 And lo! among the menials, in mock state,

Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which he went."

—"King Robert of Sicily."—LONGFELLOW.

—S. J. Clark.

ULRICA.

The little village of Saxenhausen in Germany was in commotion. A proclamation had just been sent out, offering free land to all Germans who would settle in the new British colony of Nova Scotia. Many of the villagers were eager to go, none more so than Conrad Ludovic, a poor sick lad who earned a bare living by carving little wooden figures.

Ulrica was going—Ulrica the orphan girl to whom he had been betrothed for six years. She was going with her uncle. Could Conrad but save enough money for the passage, he would go too; and in the new country they would be married, and would live in comfort and happiness. All day long, and far into the night, Conrad sat at his bench carving; but the work was too hard for his strength, and shortly before the time for sailing he was laid low with sickness.

It was then that Ulrica made up her mind to take the land for which Conrad had applied. In a few years she could have the house built and the land

filled, and with what she and Conrad together could earn, enough would soon be raised to pay for his passage to Nova Scotia.

The voyage was over, and all were safely landed at Halifax, and taken to the site of the new settlement. A discouraging site it was. Nothing could be seen but forest. Not a tree had been felled; the whole of the coast was rocky and wild. But the colonists set to work bravely to clear the land and to put up houses. Ulrica's land was a little distance from the chief settlement, in a lonely spot at the edge of the forest. Her house was finished long before any of the others; for all the settlers liked the brave girl, and helped her as well as they could. In the same way her land was the first cleared, and a promising crop of flax and turnips and barley soon grew upon it.

Ulrica had worked hard, but she had been unable to raise enough money to pay for Conrad's passage, and he was still in Germany. As she sat on her cottage door-step one afternoon and thought it all over, her brave heart was heavy within her.

A sharp "Hallo" broke in upon her meditation, and turning quickly she saw a man approaching from the forest with an axe on his shoulder. She recognized him as Carl Stanford, who had come out in her ship, but had disappeared soon after landing. He asked her for food, and she led him into the little kitchen.

"Get me some food as quickly as possible," said Carl, seating himself wearily, "for I must be off to

the settlement; I have news to tell." And then he told how the old French settlers had been driven from Grand Pré by the English soldiers. "The buildings and barns were burned to the ground," he said. "Not one is standing; but the cattle and horses and sheep are still feeding there by thousands. That is why I have come here. If I can raise a party of men we can bring back hundreds of the cattle. Unless we make haste, the English will have them; but there is time yet. Only last night I left them feeding in the meadows."

"Only last night," replied Ulrica. "How did you get there?" The man glanced down at his roughly-shod feet. "They brought me," he said. "But the mountains? They say there are mountains between us and the French country." "Mountains have been climbed," said the man. "And the rivers and the thick forests?" said the girl. "All rivers do not cross the track, and paths have been marked through the deepest forest. With this axe I cut plenty of marks on the trees."

When Carl had gone, Ulrica went out for a piece of rope. Returning to the kitchen she coiled it up closely, and tied it in a handkerchief, along with a loaf of barley bread. With this bundle in her hand, she stepped out into the moonlight, and plunged into the dark woods." She was bound for the meadows of Grand Pré, to bring back a cow to sell for Conrad's passage-money.

Her way at first lay through a forest of tall pines, where walking was easy. In the bright moonlight

she could easily see the white marks that had been cut on the trees.

It was in the deep woods, not ten miles from her home, that Ulrica's courage first failed her. The soft plumage of an owl in its noiseless flight brushed against her face. She started and uttered a loud cry. The cry echoed and re-echoed through the forest, till the girl was filled with terror, and sank to her knees on the ground.

And then came another horror. In her sudden fright she had lost sight of the markings on the trees!

It did not occur to her that with daylight she could find these marks again. She forgot everything but that she was alone in the great woods, and lost. Closing her eyes in terror, she leaned back against a great tree. Her face touched something rough on the smooth bark. She put up her hand to feel what it was, and found that it was one of the marks that Carl Stanford had cut. In her fright she had never thought of seeking it on the tree under which she rested. Her courage returned, and watching the white chippings well, she set out on her way again.

It was late in the afternoon when she reached the quiet village of Grand Pré, which but a few days ago had been the home of hundreds of happy peasants. The cattle had run away to a great open meadow some miles distant, and the herd was so large that Ulrica dared not venture among them. Close at hand, however, there was one fine cow feed-

ing quietly on a patch of cabbages. Ulrica went up to it and patted it kindly. Then, having shut the gate of the enclosure, so that the animal could not escape, she looked about for a place of rest. She went into a cellar, and having eaten some of her barley bread, she soon fell asleep.

The last object she saw before going to sleep was a very red brick in the wall in front of her, and she could not help wondering why it seemed so different from the others.

The sun was up when she awoke half dazed, hardly knowing whether she was awake or dreaming. There was the red brick still before her. She walked up to it, and to her astonishment she found that it was loose. Taking it out she found behind it one—two—three—twenty gold pieces. She wrapped them in her handkerchief, and went out to look for her cow. Fastening her rope to its horns, the resolute girl then led it along the road towards her home.

Two hours before this a party of the Germans had started from the settlement. All through the day they travelled, and about midnight, as they stopped to rest, they heard the tinkling of a bell. "That is a French cow-bell," said Carl Stanford. "But the French pastures are many miles away, man," said half a dozen voices. "It is a French bell," said Carl, "and I am going to find out what it is doing here;" and with that he started, followed by the others in the direction of the sound. Soon the tinkling came nearer and nearer, till they saw in

the moonlit forest the great sleek cow led by Ulrica. For a moment no one spoke. Then a cheer, loud and long, burst from every man.

The morning after Ulrica reached the settlement, she handed the captain of the ship two of the gold pieces to pay for Conrad's passage.

The month of May brought Conrad, much improved in health by the voyage. In the little church of St. John he and Ulrica were married. Her small cabin was soon changed for the best house in the town, planned and built by Conrad himself.

To this day farmers in that neighborhood trace the pedigree of their best cows to Ulrica's French prize. The cow-bells there are still made after the pattern of the one that tinkled so mysteriously in the forest a hundred years ago. And some of the richest families in the province are not ashamed to trace their ancestry back to that peasant girl.

—Miss Machar.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heavens' own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night :

Thou comest not, when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare, and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged Year is near his end ;

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky ;
Blue—blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

—William Cullen Bryant.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in

the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would always be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear-shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down on their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young—oh, very, very young!—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak, that she could no longer stand at the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive him.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "No." She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arm, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears. From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the Home

he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and whilst he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on the bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Not that one, but another." As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!" Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Thy mother!" A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears,

when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?" And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter." And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her—God be praised!" And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow, and his back was bent. One night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!" They whispered to one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And, O my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!" And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

—Charles Dickens.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stain'd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

--Thomas Campbell.

THE CANADIAN SONG SPARROW.

From the leafy maple ridges,
From the thickets of the cedar,
From the alders by the river,
From the bending willow branches,
From the hollows and the hillsides,
Through the lone Canadian forest,
Comes the melancholy music,
Oft repeated,—never changing,—
“ All-is-vanity-vanity-vanity.”

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,
Sowing seed with hope of harvest,
In the orchard white with blossom,
In the early field of clover,
Comes the little brown-clad singer
Flitting in and out of bushes,
Hiding well behind the fences,
Piping forth his song of sadness,—
“ Poor-hu-manity-manity-manity.”

—*Sir J. D. Edgar.*

READING LESSON X.

Read the following sentence carefully to yourself. Notice each clause, and try to discover if there is not something here that we have not had before. I want to ask you not to read more than that sentence until you have studied over it for some time. “It is an outrage to bind a Roman citizen; to scourge

him is an atrocious crime; to put him to death is almost parricide; but to crucify him—what shall I call it?"

We have here another method used by writers and speakers for making an idea more striking. In this case the speaker is condemning one who has caused the crucifixion of a Roman. The orator desires to impress upon the judges the seriousness of the offence. How does he do it? Instead of speaking at once about the crucifying of the victim, he begins by showing that a far less serious punishment was a grave offence against the Roman law. He says, "It is an outrage to bind a Roman citizen." Then he goes another step, saying: "To scourge him is an atrocious crime." Worse still: "To put him to death" (by any means) "is almost parricide." And now, having shown that less extreme methods of punishment were great crimes, the orator is ready for his final statement: "But to crucify him—what shall I call it?" In other words, the speaker seems to have exhausted his vocabulary in giving names to lower crimes: when he comes to a name with which to describe the crime of crucifying a Roman, he finds his vocabulary does not have one strong enough. Do you not see how powerful an effect such an arraignment of clauses must have? It is much stronger than if the speaker had said merely, "I know no word to describe the crime of crucifying a Roman citizen."

Analyze the following sentence, and explain how the thought is made more striking by this kind of



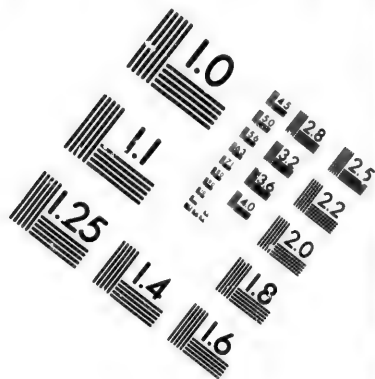
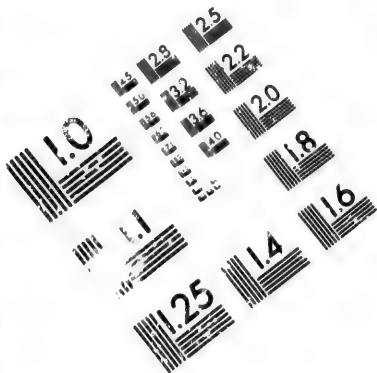
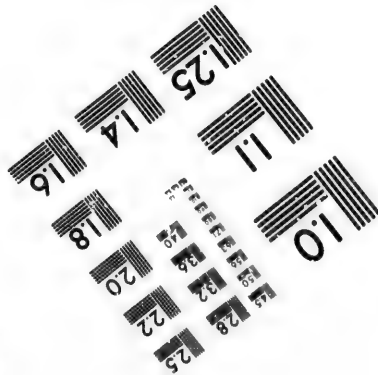
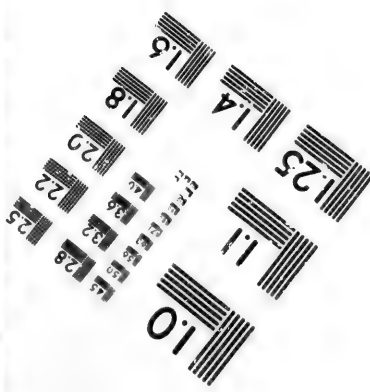
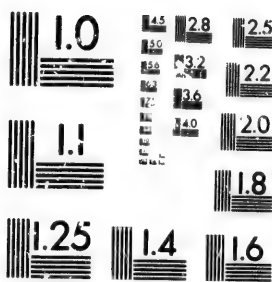


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arrangement. "I know it, I concede it, I confess it, I proclaim it."

This method of increasing the effect is called climax. Whenever, for any reason, a speaker or writer keeps on adding thought to thought, making each succeeding idea stronger than the preceding, we have a climax. Although you may never have called it by this name you have used it many times. If you were determined to do a certain thing you might say, "I can do it, I will do it, I must do it." Well, that is a climax. Or you might say, "You can't have it for ten dollars, for fifty dollars, for a hundred dollars." That is another climax.

Note this example: "If I were an American, as I I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop were landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms! never! never! never!" This, too, is a climax, each of the last three "nevers" being stronger than the preceding. If you will put yourself in the position of the speaker, you will feel that each "never" after the first is the result of stronger, more intense feeling. If you will think of it in this way you will notice the effect in your expression.

We shall close this lesson with two illustrations. Your teacher will tell you the story from which these extracts are taken, and then you will prepare them very carefully, taking particular pains to note the climax in each.

"When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,

And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like a wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and
 their flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy
 of Spain,
 And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags,
 To be lost evermore in the main."

—"The Revenge."—TENNYSON.

'And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,
 Eternal honor to his name."

—"Ode on the Death of Wellington."—TENNYSON.

—S. H. Clark.

THE PINE TREE SHILLING.

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts and coined all the money that was made. His was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them. For instance, if a man wanted

to buy a coat, he exchanged a bear-skin for it; if he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it for a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debt by English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay their ministers; so that they had sometimes to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and three-pences. Captain Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling to every twenty to pay him for his trouble in making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court,—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date of 1652 on one side, and the figure of a pine-tree on the other side. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling in his own pocket. The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his pocket. But Captain Hull declared that he was perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that in a few years his pockets, his money-bag, and his strong-box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of his grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself on.

When the mint-master was grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will say Betsy—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding. With

this round, rosy Miss Betsy did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the Church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he in his rough way; "and you will find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plain coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in his grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony, a great red apple, or any other round and scarlet object.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropt close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below his ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master was also pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had said nothing at all

about her portion. So when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word or two to his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing; a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsy," said the mint-master, "go into one side of the scales."

Miss Betsy—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of a why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to his servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play hide-and-seek in.

The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key out of his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted the ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright, pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in Massachusetts treasury.

But it was the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained on the other. Jingle, jingle went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell," cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in his grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her; for it is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and merely had tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style.

"Well, grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding-portions now-a-days were paid as Miss Betsy's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man—
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy !
I was once a barefoot boy !

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules ;
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine ;
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay.

Oh, for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for !
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;

Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden-wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel-pond,
Mine the walnut-slopes beyond.

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of of milk and bread—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily ther, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,

Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.

All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison-cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil ;
Happy, if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy, if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE WHITE SHIP.

King Henry I. went over to Normandy with his son Prince William and a great retinue to have the prince acknowledged as his successor and to contract a marriage between him and the daughter of the Count of Anjou. Both these things were triumphantly done, with great show and rejoicing; and on the 25th of November, in the year 1120, the whole retinue prepared to embark for the voyage home.

On that day, there came to the king, Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain and said, "My liege, my father served

your father all his life upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I have a fair vessel in the harbor here, called 'The White Ship,' manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honor of steering you in 'The White Ship' to England."

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my ship is already chosen, and that I cannot, therefore, sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and his company shall go along with you in the fair White Ship manned by the fifty sailors of renown." An hour or two afterward, the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, accompanied by other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of these ships heard a faint, wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a dissolute young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and who had declared that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard The White Ship with one hundred and forty youthful nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. All this gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown. My father

the king has sailed out of the harbor. What time is there to make merry here, and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and The White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the king, if we sail at midnight." Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of The White Ship.

When, at last, she shot out of the harbor, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies wrapped in mantles of various bright colors to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row yet harder, for the honor of The White Ship.

Crash! A terrific cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people, in the distant vessels of the king, heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock,—was filling,—going down! Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not far off, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die." But as they rowed fast away from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he

was then. He cried in agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arm to catch his sister, such numbers leaped into the boat that it was upset. And in the same instant, The White Ship went down. Only two men floated. They both clung to the mainyard of the ship, which had broken from the mast and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He replied, "I am a nobleman,—Godfrey by name, son of Gilbert. And you?"—"I am a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage each other as they drifted in the cold, benumbing sea on that unfortunate November night.

By and by another man came swimming toward them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone, gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any of all the brave three hundred, noble or commoner, except us three, has risen above the water!" Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am exhausted, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped and sank; and, of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone

was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheep-skin coat, and got him into their boat,—the sole relater of the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to carry the intelligence to the king. At length they sent into his presence a little boy who, weeping bitterly and falling at his feet, told him that The White Ship was lost with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never, never afterward was seen to smile.

—Charles Dickens.

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old;
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he;
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend, the huge Oak-tree!
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 As he joyously hugs and crawleth around

The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been,
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past,
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.

Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

—Charles Dickens.

BUCEPHALUS.

The most famous horse, perhaps, who ever lived, was one belonging to Alexander the Great, and was called Bucephalus. When the king was a boy, Bucephalus was brought before Philip, King of Macedonia, Alexander's father, by Philonicius, the Thessalian, and offered for sale for the large sum of thirteen talents. Beautiful though he was, Philip wisely declined to buy him before knowing what manner of horse he was, and ordered him to be led into a neighboring field, and a groom to mount him. But it was in vain that the best and most experienced riders approached the horse; he reared up on his hind legs and would suffer none to come near him. So Philonicius the Thessalian was told

to take his horse back whence he came, for the king would have none of him.

Now the boy Alexander stood by, and his heart went out to the beautiful creature. And he cried out, "What a good horse do we lose for lack of skill to mount him!" Philip the King heard these words, and his soul was vexed to see the horse depart, but yet he knew not what else to do. Then he turned to Alexander and said: "Do you think that you, young and untried, can ride this horse better than those who have grown old in the stables?" To which Alexander made answer, "This horse I know I could ride better than they." "And if you fail," asked Philip, "what price will you pay for your good conceit of yourself?" And Alexander laughed out and said gaily, "I will pay the price of the horse." And thus it was settled.

So Alexander drew near to the horse and took him by the bridle, turning his face to the sun so that he might not be frightened at the movements of his own shadow, for the prince had noticed that it scared him greatly. Then Alexander stroked his head and led him forwards, feeling his temper all the while, and when the horse began to get uneasy, the prince suddenly leapt on his back, and gradually curbed him with the bridle. Suddenly, as Bucephalus gave up trying to throw his rider, and only pawed the ground impatient to be off, Alexander shook the reins, and bidding him go, they flew like lightning round the course. This was Alexander's first conquest, and as he jumped down from the

horse his father exclaimed, "Go, my son, and seek for a kingdom that is worthy, for Macedon is too small for such as thee."

Henceforth Bucephalus made it clear that he served Alexander and no one else. He would submit quietly to having the gay trappings of a king's steed fastened on his head, and the royal saddle put on, but if any groom tried to mount him, back would go his ears and up would go his heels, and none dared come near him. For ten years after Alexander succeeded his father on the throne of Macedon (B.C. 336), Bucephalus bore him through all his battles, and was, says Pliny, "of a passing good and memorable service in the wars," and even when wounded, as he once was at the taking of Thebes, would not suffer his master to mount another horse. Together these two swam rivers, crossed mountains, penetrated into the dominions of the Great King, and further still into the heart of Asia, beyond the Caspian and the river Oxus, where never European army had gone before. Then turning sharp south, he crossed the range of the Hindoo Koosh, and entering the country of the Five Rivers, he prepared to attack Porus, king of India. But age and the wanderings of ten years had worn Bucephalus out. One last victory near the Hydaspes or Jelum, and the old horse sank down and died, full of years and honors (B.C. 326). Bitter were the lamentations of the king for the friend of his childhood, but his grief did not show itself only in weeping. The most splendid funeral Alexander could devise was given

to Bucephalus, and a gorgeous tomb erected over his body. And more than that, Alexander resolved that the memory of his old horse should be kept green in these burning Indian deserts, thousands of miles from the Thessalian plains where he was born, so round his tomb the king built a city, and it was called

“BUCEPHALIA.”

—Andrew Lang.

QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once had been swept away?

Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?

Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?

Can you put the dew-drops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?

Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?

Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell ?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear ?

Let me ask you another one :

Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or an unkind deed be undone ?

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON.

The sun already shone brightly as William Tell entered the town of Altorf, and he advanced at once to the public place, where the first object that caught his eyes was a handsome cap, embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers were walking around it in silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their head to the symbol of authority. The cap had been set up by Gessler, the Austrian commander, for the purpose of discovering those who were not submissive to the Austrian power, which had ruled the people of the Swiss Cantons for a long time with great severity. He suspected that the people were about to break into rebellion, and with a view to learn who were the most discontented, he had placed the ducal cap of Austria on this pole, publicly proclaiming that every one passing near, or within sight of it, should bow before it, in proof of his homage to the duke.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange attempt to humble the people, and leaning on his

cross-bow, gazed scornfully on them and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone amidst the cringing crowd carried his head erect. He ordered him to be seized and disarmed by the soldiers, and then conducted him to Gessler, who put some questions to him, which he answered so haughtily that Gessler was both surprised and angry. Suddenly, he was struck by the likeness between him and the boy Walter Tell, whom he had seized and put in prison the previous day for uttering some seditious words; he immediately asked his name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so famous as the best marksman in the Canton. Gessler at once resolved to punish both father and son at the same time, by a method which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon, then, as the youth was brought out, the governor turned to Tell and said, "I have often heard of thy great skill as an archer, and I now intend to put it to the proof. Thy son shall be placed a distance of a hundred yards, with an apple on his head. If thou strikest the apple with thy arrow I will pardon you both; but if thou refusest this trial thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell implored Gessler to spare him so cruel a trial, in which he might perhaps kill his beloved boy with his own hand. The governor would not alter his purpose; so Tell at last agreed to shoot at the apple, as the only chance of saving his son's life. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree. Gessler, some

distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one arrow were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. He stooped down, and taking a long time to choose an arrow, managed to hide a second in his girdle.

After being in doubt a long time, his whole soul beaming in his face, his love for his son rendering him almost powerless, he at length roused himself—drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow.

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cheers. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by his emotions, fell fainting to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose, and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but what needed you with that second arrow which I see in your girdle?" Tell replied that it was the custom of the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve. "Nay, nay," said Gessler, "tell me thy real motive; and, whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son."

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

Jack in the Pulpit
 Preaches to-day,
 Under the green trees
 Just over the way.
 Squirrel and song-sparrow,
 High on their perch,
 Hear the sweet lily-bells
 Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
 Rises to say,
 In his low painted pulpit,
 This calm Sabbath-day.
 Fair is the canopy
 Over him seen,
 Pencilled by Nature's hand
 Black, brown, and green.
 Green is his surplice,
 Green are his bands ;
 In his queer little pulpit
 The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
 So gorgeous to see,
 Comes with his base voice
 The chorister bee.
 Green fingers playing
 Unseen on wind-lyres,—

Low singing bird-voices,—

These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons ;

I know by their sign

That the cups which they carry

Are purple with wine.

And the columbines bravely

As sentinels stand

On the look-out, with all their

Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones

Drooping and sad ;

Great yellow violets

Smiling out glad ;

Buttercups' faces

Beaming and bright ;

Clovers, with bonnets—

Some red and some white ;

Daisies, their white fingers

Half-clasped in prayer ;

Dandelions proud of

The gold of their hair ;

Innocents, children

Guileless and frail,

Meek little faces

Upturned and pale ;

Wild-wood geraniums,

All in their best,

Languidly leaning

In purple gauze dressed ;—

All are assembled

This sweet Sabbath day

To hear what the priest in his pulpit will say.

Look ! white Indian pipes
 On the green mosses lie !
 Who has been smoking
 Profanely so nigh ?
 Rebuked by the preacher
 The mischief is stopped,
 And the sinners, in haste,
 Have their little pipes dropped.
 Let the wind, with the fragrance
 Of fern and black-birch,
 Blow the smell of the smoking
 Clean out of the church !

So much for the preacher :
 The sermon comes next ;—
 Shall we tell how he preached it,
 And what was his text ?
 Alas ! like too many
 Grown-up folk who play
 At worship in churches
 Man-built to-day—
 We heard not the preacher
 Expound or discuss ;
 But we looked at the people
 And they looked at us ;
 We saw all their dresses,
 Their colors and shapes,
 The trim of their bonnets,
 The cut of their capes ;
 We heard the wind-organ,
 The bee and the bird,
 But of Jack in the Pulpit we heard not a word !

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

BIRDS.

Birds—birds, ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings,
Where shall man wander and where shall he dwell,
Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well ?

Ye have nests on the mountains, all rugged and stark ;
Ye have nests in the forest, all tangled and dark ;
Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonny green leaves.
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake ;
Ye dive in the sweet-flags that shadow the lake ;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land ;
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand.

Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around
When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground ;
Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

—*Eliza Cook.*

THE THREE BELLS.

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast
The good ship settled slowly,
Th' cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out.
Dear God ! was that thy answer
From the horror round about ?

A voice came down the wild wind,
"Ho ! ship ahoy !" its cry :

THE THREE BELLS.

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"Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall lay till daylight by !"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells !

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
While oft, to cheer and hearten
The Three Bells nearer ran ;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry.
"Take heart ! Hold on !" he shouted,
"The Three Bells shall lay by !"

All night across the waters
The tossing lights shone clear ;
All night from reeling taffrail
The Three Bells sent her cheer,

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, for ever,
In grateful memory sail !
Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
Above the wave and gale !

Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry,
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh !

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

It was at break of day, on the 3rd of August, 1492, that Columbus set sail for the Canary Isles, from whence he meant to sail on, due west. Day by day he wrote down what came to pass; and this book, in his handwriting, is still to be seen in the city of Madrid. He also made a map, as a guide to sail by; but it is now lost.

The joy and hope that Columbus might now have felt, were kept in check by want of trust in his men. So long as they knew the way, and were within a few days' reach of land, it was to be feared they would rebel and try to get back again. Signs of this were soon made known. On the third day the "Pinta" was in distress—her rudder hung loose. Columbus felt sure this had been done by stealth, to force her return, and was but a foretaste of troubles to come. The wind blew so hard at the time, that he could give no aid without risk to his own ship.

Martin Pinson was an able sailor, and made the rudder fast with cords; but these could not last, and their hope was to make them hold out so far as the Canary Isles, which came in sight on the ninth day. Three days were spent on these islands, in the vain hope to find a better ship; but at last the frail ones were set to rights, and they put to sea again.

As they sailed on, the high peak of a steep rock

was seen far off, which showed smoke and flame from its top. The crews took alarm at this, as a bad omen. Columbus left the last point of known land; but a dead calm kept the ships for three whole days within reach of it. When a fresh breeze sprang up, he thought all was safe and the voyage in truth begun; but the sailors shed tears and made loud cries, from fear that all those they loved best were lost to them for ever. Their leader tried to soothe and fill their minds with hopes of new scenes, and wonders, and riches in the seas before them.

From this time, Columbus took care to keep two books—one for himself and one for the crew—to see and judge of the state of the ships, and the way they made. On the 11th of September they fell in with part of a mast, which from its size must have been on a large ship, and they saw that it had lain very long in the water. The crews looked upon this with fear, as a sign of shipwreck. On the 13th of September there was a more just cause for alarm. The needle of the compass began to waver; and, without this guide, what was to become of them on the wide ocean? Columbus did his best to show cause for it; but to this day we know no more than the fact that such it is, and no man can tell why. On the 14th of September, a heron and one other bird flew over the ships; and at night, for the first time, they saw a fiery glow in the sky, which made them still more timid and fearful, though it is now a well-known wonder in the hot climes of the south seas.

After a while, large patches of herbs and weeds were seen to float on the top of the sea. On one of these patches was a live crab, which was picked up, and Columbus took care of it.

On the 18th they had a steady breeze from the east, and the crews were in high spirits. Each ship tried to be foremost to get the first sight of land. At times there was a misty cloud in the north, such as hangs over land at sunset. It took many shapes, which made the men wish to steer that way. Columbus knew better, and would not let them change the fixed course of the ships. Once they saw two snow-white pelicans, which are heavy birds, not able to fly very far from land.

Some small birds also came to cheer them by day with songs, and flew away at night; but still no land could be seen, and the men gave way to idle fears and fancies.

On the 25th of September a heavy swell of the sea came on with no wind. We now know, that this is very often the case in the broad ocean, owing to some past storm, or a far-distant one, that takes effect on the waves.

Columbus tried to make his men feel the holy trust that filled his own soul, as Moses did when he led the children of Israel out of Egypt.

When this alarm was over, the trials of Columbus were by no means less than before. Though each day, as they sailed on, must bring them nearer to land, yet each day the fears and conduct of the crew became worse. The signs so full of hope to the

mind of Columbus did but add to the fears of the men.

Some of them laid a plot to throw their leader into the sea, and turn back. Columbus knew of all this bad feeling, but still bore all in patience, and spoke wisely and well to each man in turn. On the 25th of September the wind was due east, and took them onwards. Once the cry of "Land!" was heard; but the daylight put an end to this fresh dream of hope. They still went on. Dolphins played around the ships, and flying fish fell upon the decks. These new sights kept the sailors amused. On the 7th of October, some of the admiral's crew thought they saw land in the West; but before the close of day the signs were lost in the air. They had now sailed 750 leagues—more than 2,000 miles—from any known land. Flights of small birds came about the ships: a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen; and so they went on, till one night, when the sun went down on a shoreless sea, the crew rose against Columbus, to force his return. He was firm as ever, but spoke gently, and prayed them to trust that all would yet be well. It was hard work to make them submit and obey, and the state of things for Columbus was bad indeed.

Next day brought some relief; for the signs of land were more and more sure. They saw fresh weeds, such as only grow in the rivers, and a kind of fish only found about rocks. The branch of a tree, with berries on it, floated past, and they picked up a piece of cane; also a board and stick, with

strange things cut on them. All gloom and ill-will now cleared away.

Each man hoped to be the first to see the new land, and thus to win the large reward in money which was then to be given him. The breeze had been fresh all day, and they sailed very fast. At sunset their course was due west. Every one was on the alert. No man on board the three ships went to sleep that night. When it grew dark Columbus took his place on the top of the cabin. He was glad to be alone, just on the eve of the long-looked-for event. His eye was keen, and now on the strain through the deep still shades of night. All at once, about 10 o'clock, he thought he saw a light far off. Lest hope should mislead him, he called up a man to his side. Yes!—there again!—it surely was a light! They called the mate. Yes; he, too, was sure it was the same; and then it was gone, and soon they all saw it again. It might be a torch in the bark of some fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or a light in the hand of a man on shore, moving here and there. Thus Columbus knew that land was there, with men upon it. What words can tell the joy of his brave and noble soul!

In two hours after this a gun was fired from the "Pinta," the glad signal for land. It was now clearly seen. They took in sail, and waited for the full light of day.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus, as the day dawned, must have been almost too strong to bear. Through the power of faith and trust, he had

overcome every trial and trouble. With three such poor, mean, small ships, and most unworthy crews, he had sailed across the ocean, and a new world lay open before him. His life's labor would for ever tell on ages yet to come, so long as the world might endure.

"The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God ; so may it ever be."

—Crompton's "*Life of Columbus*."

COLUMBUS' FIRST VOYAGE.

A thing of life on the roaring tide,
Seems that fair ship in her strength and pride !
Though howl the winds, though leap the waves,
Her path she ploughs, their wrath she braves ;
A fit ship for that spirit bold,
Who guides her on to a land untold !
Her crew has not a heart that fears
To sail, where bold Columbus steers !

Far, far away from their native shore
That crew are now, to return no more ;
About the sails the winds are shrill,
And that to the seamen bode ill.
But what bright speck is afar off seen,
Of herb and flowers and welcome green ?
Columbus shouts "Ho, land !" aloud—
Mistaken hope, 'twas but a cloud !

"He plays us false !" from lip to lip,
A murmur ran throughout the ship ;

Columbus heard their whispers breath'd,
And saw their daggers half unsheathed !
Nor quailed he, though his pride did sue
For patience to his craven crew ;
For three days more will they remain ?
They yield—but then steer home again.

The first day pass'd, and the setting sun
Columbus told the goal was won :
“ Heave-to !” cried he, “ crowd sail no more !
For see ye not the far-off shore ?”
And there were lands of lake and wood,
Where living men and women stood !
The joyous crew now leapt ashore,
And blest that spot—“ Saint Salvador !”

—James Bruton.

JOHN GILPIN.

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
“ Though wedded we have been
These thrice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

“ To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one ;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in,—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Bruton.

ome again.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad !
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again :—

For saddle tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind !"

"Good-lack !" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now, Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more,

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
 Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
 Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
 Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button, failing both,
 At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
 The bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side,
 As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
 Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, "Well done !"
 As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
 His fame soon spread around :
"He carries weight ! he rides a race !
 'Tis for a thousand pound !"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most'piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house !"
They all at once did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin,—“So am I !”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there !
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate
And thus accosted him :

“What news? what news? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall ;
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all !”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

“I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit :
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife would dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said—
"I am in haste to dine :
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear :

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig ;
He lost them sooner than at first ;
For why ?—they were too big.

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country—far away,
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth, she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband, safe and well.”

The youth did ride and soon did meet
John coming back amain ;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,—
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop, thief! stop, thief!—a highwayman!"

Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that passed that way

Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again

Flew open in short space;

The toll-men thinking as before,

That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,

For he got first to town;

Nor stopped till where he had got up

He did again get down.

Not let us sing, long live the king,

And Gilpin, long live he;

And when he next doth ride abroad,

May I be there to see!

—William Cowper.

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY.

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world.

Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school-room with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons; and, in short, unless a lad choose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

"This will never do for me," thought Daffydowndilly.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly's life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil!"

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "Whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenious disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"Oh, very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger. "Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been

better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger's proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the

employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his school-room.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and the people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but he was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he

should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compass in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber, and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a task-master over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly

pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifiers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main, and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch-rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the school-room.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run

away, for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

"Oh, let us stop here," cried he to his companion; for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!"

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly's tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch-rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still

looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffy-downdilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

"Oh dear me!" whispered he, turning pale, "It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle!"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the school-house!" said the stranger; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's

story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have scorn'd each other,
Or injured friend or brother,

 In this fast-fading year ;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
 Come, gather here.

Let sinn'd against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
 And join in friendship now ;

Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
 Under the holly-bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,

 In this fast-fading year ;
Mother and sire and child,

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

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Young man and maiden mild,
Come, gather her ;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow !
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourish'd sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year ;
Ye with o'erburden'd mind
Made aliens from your kind,
Come, gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow .
Pursue you night and morrow ;
If ever you hope, hope now—
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly-bough.

—Charles Mackay.

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.
The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us, is given
By the cool, soft evening hours.
Sweet is the hour of rest !
Pleasant the wind's low sigh,

And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie ;

When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs ;
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows !

But rest more sweet and still
Than ever nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.

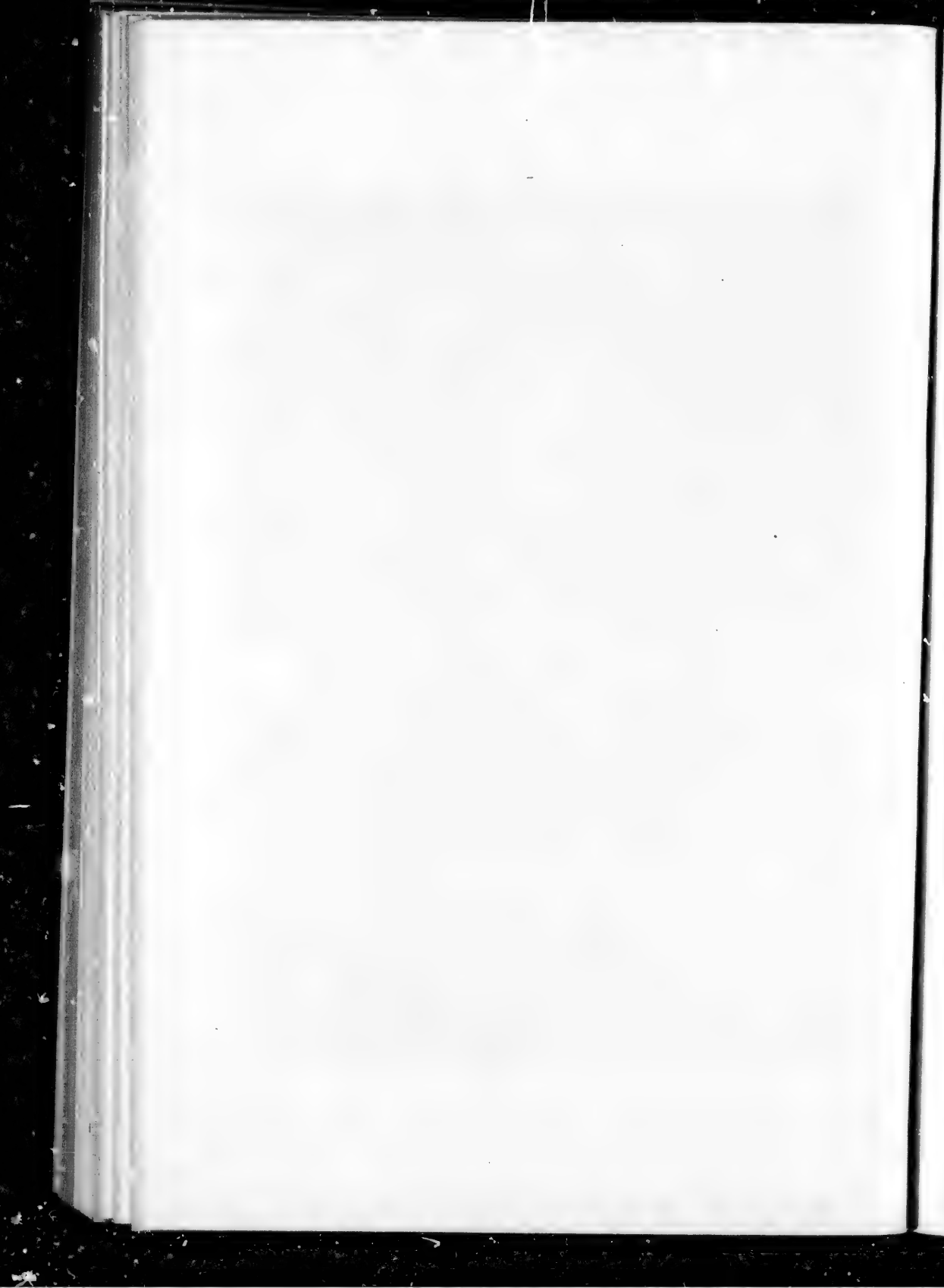
There shall no tempest blow,
No scorching noontide heat ;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary, wandering feet.

So we lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the Sabbath of our God.

Come to the sunset tree !
The day is past and gone ;
The woodman's axe lies free,
And the reaper's work is done.

—Mrs. Hemans.





RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets. He is old, gray, brindled, and as big as a little Highland bull.

A terrier makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, holding himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? He is muzzled! His master, studying strength and economy, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus constructed out of the leather of some ancient breeching.

His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bow-string; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all around, “Did you ever see the like of this?”

We soon had a crowd; the terrier held on. “A knife!” cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife; you know the kind of knife, worn away to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of mist about his mouth, no noise—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. A solemn pause;

this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw that he was quite dead; the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back and broken it.

He looked down at his victim, snuffed him all over, stared at him, and, taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He turned up Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and, watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart, his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be, thought I, to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story.

The severe little man condescended to say, "Rab, my man, poor Rabbie!" whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled.

Six years have passed—a long time for a boy and a dog. Bob is off to the wars; I am a medical student at the hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging his tail, with his head a little to one side.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. After him came Jess, the mare, now white from age, with her cart, and in it a woman carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back.

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid around her, and his coat over her feet. She looked sixty; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark grey eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it.

I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Master John, the young doctor, Rab's friend, you know." Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James, the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife.

Rab looked on, concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he

seemed great friends. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may, and Rab, if he will behave himself;" and in slunk the faithful beast.

The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. The operating theatre is crowded. The surgeon, with his staff of assistants, is there. In comes Alie, and behind her, James and Rab.

James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous, forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent.

Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on; he growled, and gave, now and then, a sharp, impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him, from time to time, an intimation of a possible kick—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

For some days Ailie did well. The students came in, quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. Four days after the operation my patient had a long and sudden shivering; mischief had begun.

We tried what we could. James did everything,

was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it. Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse, and began to wander in her mind. For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon, the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause.

The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed. The body and soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking alone through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter; and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently that, when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank, clear darkness without a stain. "What is our life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab, all this time, had been fully awake and motionless; he came forward beside us. Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

"Rab," said James, roughly, pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rob leaped up and settled himself. "Master John, wait for me," said the carrier, and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and, being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab heard the noise, too, and plainly knew it, but never moved.

I looked out, and there, at the gate, in the dim morning sun—for the sun was not up—was Jess and the cart, a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out, who knows how? to Howgate, full nine miles off, yoked Jess, and driven her into town.

He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. Motioning Rab down, he took his wife in his arms and laid her in the blankets; then, lifting her, he nodded sharply to me, and, with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage and down stairs, followed by Rab.

I would have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he

had lifted her out ten days before, and then, taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me; neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab watching the proceedings from a distance. James looked after everything; then, rather suddenly, fell ill, and was insensible when the doctor came.

A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week of the carrier who got the good-will of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart.

"How's Rab?"

He put me off, and said, rather rudely, "What's your business with the dog?"

I was not to be put off.

"Where's Rab?"

He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "Indeed, sir, Rab is dead."

"Dead! what did he die of?"

"Well, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didn't exactly die; he was killed. I was loth to make away with the old dog, but I could do nothing else."

I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

He was buried near the burn, the children of the village, his companions, who used to make very free with him, watching the solemnity.

—Adapted from John Brown, M.D.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

“What fairings will ye that I bring?”
Said the King to his daughters three;
“For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?”

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
“Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.”

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
“For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head.”

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistledown,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

“There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
‘Ask thou for the Singing Leaves.’”

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:

of the
ery free

M.D.

"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born ;

"But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy behind the sheaves ;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf
I pray you give it me !"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine tree-tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
If they grow under the moon ?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran :
"Now pledge you me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be ;
'Twill be my dog, he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A package small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

As the King rode in the castle-gate
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father !" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window,
Are my only heritage."

And the second Leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,

My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third Leaf sang, "Be mine! Be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"

Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

AUGUST.

Buttercup nodded and said good-by,
Clover and daisy went off together,
But the fragrant water-lilies lie
Yet moored in the golden August weather.

The swallows chatter about their flight,
The cricket chirps like a rare good fellow,
The asters twinkle in clusters bright,
While the corn grows ripe and the apples mellow.

—Alice Thaxter.

THE HORSES OF GRAVELOTTE.

Hot was the battle, and bloody the fight,
Cool was the evening and peaceful the night.

From the camp in the wood where the valley lies lone,
Three times the signalling trumpet has blown.

Loud and ringing its clear notes fall,
Over wood and field they hear the "Recall."

In troops and by knots, by three and by two,
Back they straggle, the valiant few.

Ah ! not all are returning back ;
Full many a man doth the regiment lack.

They were there in their places at reveillé,
At night they lie cold, and pallid to see.

And horses whose saddles are empty to-night
Are galloping wildly to left and to right.

But the bray of the trumpet that sounds the recall,
For the third time summoneth one and all.

See the black stallion is pricking his ear,
And neighs at the sound he is wont to hear.

Look, how the brown ranges up to his side,
It was ever his place when the trumpet cried.

And next the blood-flecked dapple-grey
Limps up to his place in the ranks to-day.

By troops, by knots, by three and by two,
Come riderless horses, to signal true.

For horses and riders both know the "Recall,"
And the trumpet-blast it is summoning all.

And over three hundred came back that day,
With empty saddles from that fierce fray.

Over three hundred! How bloody the fight
That emptied so many saddles that night!

Over three hundred! The struggle was sore:
One man had fallen out of every four.

Over three hundred! When trumpets blew,
The riderless steeds to the flag were true.

When ye talk of Gravelotte's noble dead,
Praise the horses that answered in their stead.

—Gerok.

BRUIN AND THE COOK.

It was a bright March morning at Nicholson's lumber camp over on Salmon River. There had been a heavy thaw for some days, and the snow-banks under the eaves of the camp were shrinking rapidly. The bright chips about the door, the trampled straw and fodder around the stable, were steaming and soaking under the steady sun. Such winds as were stirring abroad that day were quite shut off from the camp by the dark surrounding woods.

From the protruding stovepipe (which was used as a chimney), a faint blue wreath of smoke curled

lazily. The cook had the camp all to himself for a while; for the teams and choppers were at work a mile away, and the "cookee," as the cook's assistant is called, had betaken himself to a neighboring pond to fish for trout through the ice.

The dishes were washed, the camp was in order, and in a little while it would be time to get the dinner ready. The pork and beans were slowly boiling, the odor was abroad on the quiet air. The cook decided to snatch a wink of sleep in his bunk beneath the eaves. He had a spare half-hour before him, and under his present circumstances he knew no better way of spending it.

The weather being mild, he left the camp door wide open, and, swinging up to his berth, soon had himself comfortably bedded in blankets, his own and as many other fellows' blankets as he liked. He began to doze and dream of summer fields.

By and by, waking with a start, he remembered where he was, and thrust his head in astonishment over the edge of the bunk. The sight that met his eyes filled him with alarm and indignation.

The prolonged thaw had brought out the bears from their snug winter quarters; and now, in a very bad humor from having been waked up too soon, they were prowling through the forest in unusual numbers. Food was scarce; in fact, times were very hard with them, and they were not only bad-humored, but lean and hungry withal.

To one particularly hungry bear the smell of our cook's simmering pork had come that morning like

the invitation to a feast. Bruin had found the door open, the coast clear, the quarters very inviting. With the utmost good faith he had entered upon his fortune. To find the source of that entrancing fragrance had been to his trained nose a simple matter.

While cook slept sweetly, Bruin had rooted off the cover of the pot. But the pot was hot, and the first mouthful of the savory mess made him yell with rage and pain. Then an angry sweep of the great paw had dashed pot and kettle of the stove in a thunder of crashing iron and clattering tins.

What met the cook's gaze, as he sat up in his blankets, was an angry bear, dancing about in a confusion of steam and smoke and beans and kettles, making ineffectual snatches at a lump of scalding pork upon the floor.

After a moment of suspense, cook rose softly and crept to the other end of the bunks, where a gun was kept. To his disgust the weapon was unloaded. But the click of the lock had caught the bear's attention. Glancing up at the bunk above him, the brute's eye detected the shrinking cook, and straightway he overflowed with wrath. Here, evidently, was the author of his discomfort.

With smarting jaws and vengeful paws he made a dash for the bunk. Its edge was nearly seven feet from the floor, so Bruin had to do some clambering. As his head appeared over the edge, and his great paws took firm hold upon the clapboard rim of the bunk, cook, now grown desperate, struck at him

wildly with the heavy butt of the gun. But Bruin is always a skilful boxer. With an upward stroke he warded off the blow, and sent the weapon spinning across the camp. At the same time, however, his weight proved too much for the frail clapboard to which he was holding, and back he fell on the floor with a shock like an earthquake.

This repulse only filled him with tenfold greater fury, and at once he sprang back to the assault; but the delay, however brief, had given poor cook time to grasp an idea, which he proceeded to act upon with eagerness. He saw that the hole in the roof through which the stovepipe protruded was large enough to give his body passage. Snatching at a light rafter above his head, he swung himself out of the bunk, and kicked the stovepipe from its place. The sections fell with loud clatter upon the stove and the bear, for a moment disconcerting Bruin's plans. From the rafter it was an easy reach to the opening in the roof, and as Bruin gained the empty bunk and stretched his paw eagerly up toward his intended victim on the rafter, the intended victim slipped with the greatest promptitude through the hole.

At this point the cook drew a long breath. His first thought was to drop from the roof and run for help, but fortunately he changed his mind. The bear was no fool. No sooner had the cook got safely out upon the roof than Bruin rushed forth from the camp door, expecting to catch him as he came down.

Had cook acted on his first impulse, he would

have been overtaken before he had gone a hundred yards, and would have perished hideously in the snow. As it was, however,—evidently to Bruin's deep chagrin,—he stuck close to the chimney-hole, like a gopher sitting by his hole, ready at a moment's notice to plunge within, while the bear stalked deliberately twice around the camp, eying him, and evidently laying plans as it were, for his capture.

At last the bear appeared to have made up his mind. At one corner of the shanty, piled up nearly to the eaves, was a store of firewood which "cookee" had gathered in. Upon this pile Bruin mounted and then made a dash up the creaking roof.

Cook prayed most fervently that it might give way beneath the great weight of the bear, and to see if it would do so he waited almost too long; but it did not. As he scurried, belated, through the hole, the bear's paw reached its edge, and the huge claws tore nearly all the flesh from the back of the poor fellow's hand. Bleeding and trembling, he crouched upon the friendly rafter, not daring to swing down into the bunk.

The agility of that great animal was marvellous. Scarcely had cook got under shelter when Bruin rushed in again at the door, and was up on the bunk again in a twinkling, and again cook vanished by the chimney-place. A moment later the bear was again on the roof, while cook once more crouched back faintly on the rafter. This performance was repeated several times, till for cook it had quite ceased to be interesting.

At last the chase grew monotonous even to the indefatigable Bruin, who then resolved upon a change of tactics. After driving cook out through the chimney, he decided to try the same mode of exit for himself, or at least to thrust his head through the opening, and see what it was like. Embracing the woodwork with his powerful fore-paws, he swung himself up on the rafter, as he had seen cook to do so gracefully. The attempt was quite successful; but the rafter was not prepared for the strain, and Bruin and beam came thundering to the floor.

As cook gazed down through the hole, and marked what had happened, his heart sank utterly within him. His one safe retreat was gone. But Bruin did not perceive his advantage, or else was in no hurry to follow it up. The shock had greatly dampened his zeal. He sat on his haunches by the stove, and gazed up sullenly at cook, while cook gazed back despairingly at him.

The bear noticed that the precious pork had got deliciously cool, and in the charms of that rare morsel cook was soon quite forgotten. All cook had to do was to lie on the roof, nursing his lacerated hand, and watching Bruin as he made away with the lumbermen's dinner,—a labor of love in which he lost no time.

At this junction a noise was heard in the woods, and hope came back to the cook's heart. The men were returning for dinner. Bruin heard it too, and made haste to gulp down the remnant of the beans. Just as teams and choppers emerged into the little

cleared space in front of the camp, Bruin, having swallowed his last mouthful, rushed out of the camp-door, to the breathless and immeasurable amazement of the lumbermen.

Finding himself to all appearances surrounded, Bruin paused a moment. Then charging upon the nearest team, he dealt the teamster a terrific cut, bowling him over in the snow and breaking his arm, while the maddened horses plunged, reared, and fell over backward in a tangle of sleds and traces and lashing heels.

This brought the woodsmen to their senses. Axe in hand, they closed in upon the bear, who rose on his hind-quarters to meet them. The first few blows that were delivered at him, with all the force of practised arms and vindictive energy, he warded off as if they were so many feathers; but he could not guard himself on all sides at once. A well-directed blow from the rear sank the axe-head deep between his fore-shoulders, severing the spinal column, and Bruin collapsed, a furry heap, upon the crimsoned snow.

In their indignation over the cook's torn hand, their comrade's broken arm, and perhaps most aggravating of all, their thoroughly demolished dinner, the lumbermen undertook to make a meal of Bruin; but in this attempt Bruin found a measure of revenge, for in death he proved to be even tougher than he had been in life, and the famous luxury of a fat bear-steak was nowhere to be had from his carcass.

—Chas. G. D. Roberts (by permission of the author).

ROLAND, THE SHIELD-BEARER.

'Twas Kaiser Karl at table sat
At Aix with prince and peer,
And fish and game were on the board,
And wine ran red and clear.
On gold they served both meat and bread,
And emeralds green and rubies red
Were there in right good store.

Out spake the hero-kaiser, Karl :
"I have but woe and dule
Of all my splendor, while there lacks
The whole world's crowning jewel.
The brightest jewel the world may yield,
A giant bears upon his shield,
Deep in the Ardennes' wood."

Richard the Fearless, Turpin good,
And Naims of Bayerland,
Haimon, Milon, and Count Garin,
On sword-hilt laid their hand.
For steel they doffed their peaceful weeds,
And saddled straight their battle-steeds,
To hunt the giant down.

Out spoke young Roland, Milon's heir :
"A boon, my father dear !
Though I be all too young to raise
Against the giant spear,
Yet would I fain, good father mine,
Bear after thee that lance of thine,
And bear thy knightly shield."

And to the Ardennes wood anon
 The six brave peers did ride,
 But when the forest skirts they reached
 They scattered far and wide.
 Roland, behind his father dear,
 Had joy to bear the hero's spear,
 And bright and glittering shield.

The gallant knights they wandered wide
 By night and eke by day,
 But nowhere met the giant-foe
 That they had sworn to slay.
 Four days had passed ; in slumber deep,
 At noon, Duke Milon lay asleep,
 Beneath a spreading oak.

Young Roland in the distance saw
 The flashing of a light,
 Whose beams that shone throughout the glade,
 Did hart and roe affright.
 The rays from off a shield were cast,
 Borne by a giant grim and vast,
 Upon the mountain side.

Young Roland's heart beat bold and high :
 " I fear him not, I wis.
 Nor will I wake my father dear
 For such a foe as this.
 The good steed wakes, while sleeps his lord,
 Awake are spear and shield and sword,
 Roland is waking too."

Roland has girt him with the sword,
 Sir Milon's weapon good,
 Snatched up the spear and grasped the lance
 With shaft of tough ashwood,

His father's destrier he bestrode,
And softly through the pines he rode
Nor broke his father's sleep.

When to the mountain side he came
Loudly the giant laughed ;
" For reining such a steed as this
The child lacks pith and craft.
His sword is twice as tall as he,
His spear will drag him down, perdie,
The shield will crush his arm."

Young Roland shouted : " To the fight !
And thou shalt rue thy jest ;
For if my shield be broad and long
The better for my breast.
Together count both horse and man,
And arm and sword. Since time began
One helps the other's strength."

The giant raised his iron bar,
A fell stroke then struck he,
But Roland's charger swerved aside,
The blow fell harmlessly.
He hurled his spear against the shield
But the enchanted target's field
Has hurled it back again.

With both hands Roland grasped his sword,
For heavy was its weight,
The giant fain would draw his blade,
But drew it all too late.
For Roland struck a mighty blow
Right at the left wrist of his foe,—
Down went both hand and shield !

The shield fell clashing to the earth,
 The giant's courage fled,
 The jewel alone had given him strength,
 His heart grew cold as lead.
 The shield was gone, he fain would flee,
 But Roland struck him on the knee,
 He fell as falls an oak.

Then Roland seized him by the hair,
 And from him hewed the head ;
 A stream of blood ran river-like
 And o'er the valley spread.
 From out the giant's shield he broke
 The jewel whereof the Emperor spoke,
 And joyed him in its light.

Beneath his vest he hid the stone
 And sought the forest well,
 To wash his weapons, so no spot
 Might of the combat tell,
 And back he rode. In slumber deep
 Duke Milon still lay fast asleep
 Beneath the oak tree's shade.

Down by his father's side he lay,
 Sleep closed his weary eyes,
 Till at his ear, at eventide,
 Loudly Duke Milon cries :
 "Son Roland, it is time to wake,
 And shield and lance in hand to take,
 To seek our giant foe."

And up they rose, and through the woods
 They sought both far and near,
 Roland still rode behind his sire,
 And bore the shield and spear.

They reached the place right speedily
Where Roland won the victory,—
There lay the giant dead.

His eyes can Roland scarce believe,
In wonder doth he stand ;
There was the giant's bloody corpse,
Gone were both head and hand.
The mighty sword and spear were gone,
No shining harness gleamed thereon,
And trunk and limbs lay bare !

Duke Milon looked upon the corpse,
And wildly out he broke :
"The giant sure ! for by the trunk
We well may judge the oak,
The giant,—is there need to ask ?
Another's hand has done the task ;
I slept away my fame."

King Karl he stood in anxious mood
Before his castle strong ;
"Heaven send the Peers safe back to me !
They tarry all too long.—
Upon my kingly word, I see
Duke Haimon riding o'er the lea,
A head upon his spear !"

In dreary mood Sir Haimon rode
His kingly lord to greet,
And, sinking spear-point, laid the head
Before the monarch's feet.
"The head within a copse I found,
And near upon the bloody ground,
The giant's body lay."

The giant's gauntlet back was brought,
 By Turpin good and true.
 The stiff cold hand was still within,
 Which forth the bishop drew :
 "A goodly relic by my fay !
 I found it idly cast away,
 Hewn off within the wood."

Then Naims the Duke of Bayerland,
 The iron bar brought back ;
 "See there ! the arm that swung that bar
 Had sure of strength no lack.
 I' the wood I found the burden great,
 I sweat beneath its heavy weight ;
 Give me a cup of wine."

Count Richard he on foot fared back,
 Beside his burdened steed,
 Laden with sword and and scabbard fair,
 And harness good at need :
 "There's more for gathering in the wood,
 If any man the search pursued,
 I have too much, I wis."

They saw Count Garin ride afar,
 He swung the giant's shield.
 "Now shall we see the glorious gem
 That flashes in its field."
 "The shield I have, my masters all,
 The jewel is gone beyond recall,
 For see its place is blank."

But, last of all, Duke Milon came,
 He rode full sad and slow ;
 With reins upon his charger's neck,
 And plumed head bending low.

Roland, behind his father dear,
Was bearing still the tough ash spear,
And still the glittering shield.

But when they to the castle came,
To tell of honor's loss,
Then Roland from his father's shield
Loosened the central boss,
Set in its place the jewel so bright,
It flashed and shone in glorious light,
As doth the sun in heaven.

The jewel burnt in Milon's shield,
And made the sunlight pale ;
Now to his vassal shouts King Karl :
"Milon of Anglante, hail !—
For he has met the giant foe,
Hath struck the right good sweeping blow
That made the jewel mine."

Sir Milon turned, and saw the jewel
Spread light o'er all the land :
"Roland,—how hast thou won the gem ?—
How came it to thine hand ?"
"Nay, father, be not wroth I pray,
I slew the giant while you lay
Asleep beneath the oak."

—Uhland.

Press on ! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try ;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

Once upon a time, there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but himself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the largest pile of glistening coin that had ever been heaped together since the world was made.

Thus he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Pooh, pooh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

At length (as people always grow more and more

foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable, that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself whenever he wanted to be particularly happy.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck measure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help.

And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking up, he beheld the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face.

Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden brightness in it. Certainly, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparkles of fire.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal.

Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humored and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room; and, when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contains so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

"I have done pretty well,—pretty well," answered

Midas, in a discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole lifetime to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray, what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know."

Midas paused and meditated. He felt sure that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humored smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, therefore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible, or seemingly impossible thing, it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another, in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough.

At last a bright idea occurred to King Midas.

Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed the visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive, after I have done

my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger's smile grew so bright and radiant, that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun, gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves—for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a fancy. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else, to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. But when the earliest sunbeam shone through the window, and gilded the ceiling over his head, it seemed to him that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the

white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight, when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up, in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room, grasping at every thing that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand,—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table; at his first touch, it assumed the appearance of such a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume as one often meets with now-a-days; but on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin golden plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible.

He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see him— in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him; that was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border, in gold thread!

Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained

just the same as when she climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas took his spectacles from his pocket, and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days, spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings; else, how could Midas have had any? To his great perplexity, however, excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world; for, on taking them off, the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient, that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

"It is no great matter, nevertheless," said he to himself, very philosophically. "We cannot expect any great good, without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of a pair of spectacles at least, if not of one's very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me." Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune, that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went down stairs, and smiled on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold, as his hand passed over

it, in his descent. He lifted the door-latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world; so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet soothing, did these roses seem to be.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most untiringly; until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas, I really do not know, and cannot stop now to investigate. To the best of my knowledge, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and

seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning, on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage, crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the most cheerful little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a tear in a twelvemonth.

When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and changed it into gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray, what is the matter with you, this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed into gold.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father!" answered the child, between her sobs, "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran

into the garden to gather some roses for you; because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But oh, dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? Such a sad thing! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly, and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?"

"Pooh, my dear little girl,—pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down, and eat your bread and milk. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that (which will last hundreds of years), for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold, tossing it contemptuously away. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful change in her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses that were painted on the outside of the bowl; and those ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of

coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendor, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and golden coffee-pots.

Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and, sipping it, was astonished to perceive that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and, the next moment, hardened into a lump!

"Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Mary-gold, gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Take your milk before it gets quite cold."

He took one of the nice little trout on his plate, and touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed from a brook trout into a gold fish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate, frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish, exactly imitated in metal.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking-hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when, to his cruel mortification, though a moment before, it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed the yellow hue of Indian meal. Its solidity and increased weight made him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to that of the trout and the cake.

"Well, this is terrible!" thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

Hoping that, by dint of great dispatch, he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth, and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, both with pain and affright.

"Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas, dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

And, truly, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case, in all your lives? Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold.

And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

These reflections so troubled wise King Midas, that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal, that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee.

"It would be much too dear," thought Midas.

Nevertheless, so great was his hunger, and the perplexity of his situation, that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Mary-



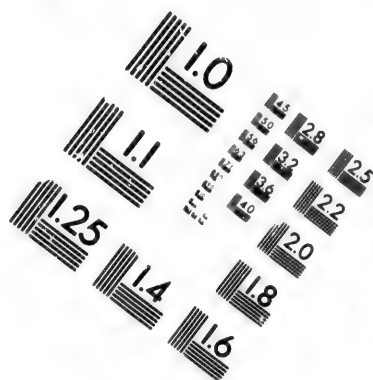
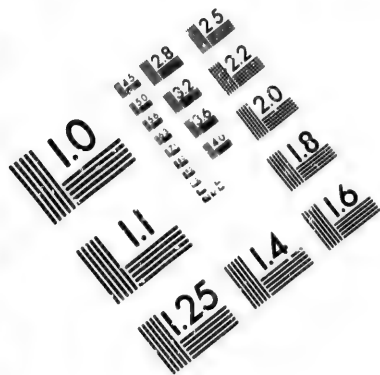
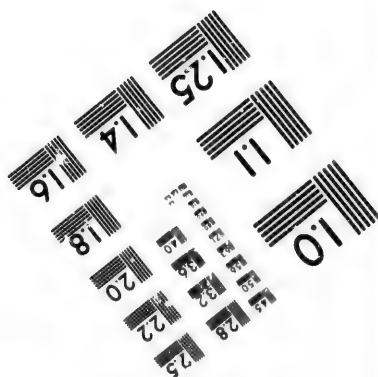
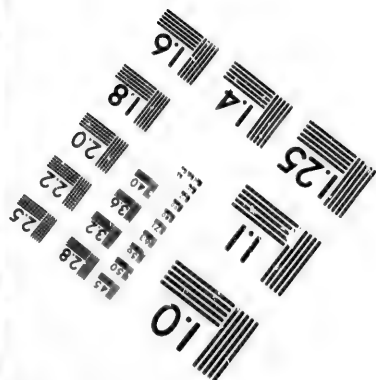
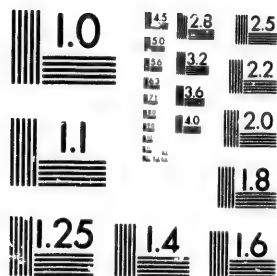


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gold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and, running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger had bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow color, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. O terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable desire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity, hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But, the more perfect was the resemblance, the greater was the father's agony at

beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter.

It had been a favorite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And, now, at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky!

It would be too sad a story, if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fulness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender, that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-color to his dear child's face.

While he was in this tumult of despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger, standing near the door. Midas bent down his head, without speaking; for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had

bestowed on him this disastrous power of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow lustre all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and on the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray, how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable! indeed!" exclaimed the stranger; "and how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery, since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most,—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"O blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"O my child, my dear child!" cried poor King

Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor, for it too had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the lustrous stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas me! it was no longer earthen after he touched it), and in

hastening to the river-side. As he ran along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvellous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Proof! proof! proof!" gasped King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well; this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good, honest, earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and been changing into insensible metal, but had now been softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace: and, I suppose the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But

that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek!—and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her.

"Pray do not, dear father!" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose, he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to remind King Midas of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river in which he had bathed, sparkled like gold; the other,

that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to take Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvellous story, pretty much as I have told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

"And to tell you the truth, my precious little folks," said King Midas, "ever since that morning, I have hated the very sight of all other gold, save this!"

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

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